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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Terque Beati

IF man is the history-making animal, he should certainly find compensations for his present distresses in the high speed at which he is functioning. Men and women now in their thirties are fortunate in their historical experience, those in their forties are doubly fortunate, those in their fifties, triply fortunate. The last named have seen the last years of settled Victorianism, they saw the rapid changes of the early nineteen hundreds which culminated in the war decade. They lived through the hysterical blend of hope and distrust of the nineteen twenties, when speculation was the word in finance, in politics, in religion, and in morals. And now, with the memory of the naive stabilities of the nineteenth century still vivid in their minds, they are launched upon a new period where even the conservatives ask for change!

Those were not happy years, but it is certain that men and women now on the shady side of middle age have lived three lifetimes, if time is reckoned as time is appraised by history. Like a train dashing in a whirl of leaves through the autumn landscape, change has sent the years flying around them. Like graduates of an American college, they look around the old campus, which was their youth, and see nothing familiar, nothing that has not been torn down and rebuilt.

A reading man who bought his first book in the first quarter of the eighteenth century might have seen the third quarter in with the same style in poetry and much the same taste in prose. From Pope to Addison, from Congreve to Sheridan, from Defoe to Henry Fielding, gave him only the pleasing sense of novelty which comes with a change from a gray suit to a brown. If he smelt Rousseauism in the air and pondered on the first softenings of romance, he could be honestly outraged by the lawlessness of novelty, as Dr. Johnson was outraged by the liberalism of the upstart Americans. But we in less than half a century have seen literature spin on its axis. In the eighteen nineties Meredith was the morning star of the young men, Meredith who picked up daintily a theme of sex and love (boasting of his temerity*) and hid it in such a coruscation of words that the reading world wondered and the story

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* See his letter to Edward Carpenter in the "Letters."

America in Arms

NEWTON D. BAKER: AMERICA AT WAR. By FREDERICK PALMER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. 2 vols. $7.50.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY
Dartmouth College

THE announcement about a year ago that Newton D. Baker had turned over to Colonel Frederick Palmer for literary use his entire collection of war correspondence was welcome news, for there has been a genuine need of an authoritative account of the prosecution of the war on the home front and the part that the Secretary played in it. Baker himself has been unwilling to engage in any autobiographical enterprise and those of his associates who have written have dealt mainly with special phases which came within their observation. The present volumes are especially welcome at this time since they are in a measure complementary to those of General Pershing and enable the reading public to obtain a more comprehensive view of America's participation in the World War. Also it is now possible to judge more fairly regarding some of the criticisms of what was done and left undone by the civil and military authorities in Washington.

Colonel Palmer has reviewed the five years of Baker's secretaryship, but his book is not as biographical as the title would lead one to suppose. The main emphasis in the first volume is on the problems of preparedness and the mobilization of manpower and *matériel* in 1917, and in the second on the efforts of the War Department and associated agencies to meet the needs of the American Expeditionary Forces in 1918.

The author's account of what was done by the War Department during the first year of Baker's tenure should set at rest the commonly held beliefs that Baker himself was a pacifist and that no preparedness measures of any consequence were taken in the months prior to our entrance into the war. By the use of documentary evidence Colonel Palmer shows that in 1916 the Secretary took the lead in advancing industrial preparedness and sought to strengthen the various branches of the military establishment as far as practicable. At the very beginning of his Secretaryship Baker perceived the importance of aviation for military purposes, a branch to which his immediate predecessors had given little or no attention, and sought substantial appropriations to develop it. Throughout 1916 it is clear that he exercised the limit of his authority in military preparations and in the spring of 1917 went far beyond it in

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Old Books

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

I HAVE no craze for curios—
A craving many folk effect,
Grim idols ranged in grinning rows
And bottles, twisted-necked.

But an old book, this meets my need,
Quarto or folio, as you please,
An ancient Marlowe, foxed and flea-ed,
A first HESPERIDES.

Although the little worm and blind
Has pierced the binding or the page,
And though the leaves be sered and lined
With the dull rust of age,

Yet I am overmastered much
By feelings I may not control,
As if there throbbed beneath my touch
The poet's very soul.

Reparations and War Debts

By THOMAS W. LAMONT

DR. HJALMAR H. G. SCHACHT has been a strong, outstanding figure in the life and affairs of Germany since 1923. Anything that he has to say about his own country or about its relations with other countries is bound to be of interest and importance. One does not have to agree with him in all his conclusions, in order to characterize Dr. Schacht's volume, "The End of Reparations,"* as a valuable contribution to the whole tangled subject of Reparations, and as perhaps of even greater value in the light it throws upon the post-war administration of the Reich in both economics and politics. With the recent stirring events following President Hoover's Debt Suspension plan, and the financial crisis in Germany, Dr. Schacht's book assumes additional timeliness.

One is naturally curious as to Dr. Schacht's antecedents and personality. His father, a German artisan, emigrated to America in the early 'seventies, but finally decided to return to the Fatherland only a few months before his son, Hjalmar, was born in 1877. So strong had been the father's admiration for the intellectual qualities of the founder of the New York *Tribune* that he insisted that the son should be christened by adding the names, Horace Greeley, to the Hjalmar. Dr. Schacht himself tells this story very agreeably and explains how nearly he came to being born an American. If he had been, the chances are that Germany would have lost a service of inestimable value.

HEAD OF THE REICHSBANK

After his long training as an institutional banker Dr. Schacht's work brought him to the fore during the complete collapse of the reichsmark, following the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923. He assumed the presidency of the newly founded Gold Note Bank and was the creator of the rentenmark, a manufactured form of currency that, during the months of the inception and adoption of the Dawes Plan in 1924, Dr. Schacht kept afloat by almost main strength. Upon the reorganization of the Reichsbank under the Dawes Plan in October, 1924, Schacht was the man of the hour and was promptly elevated to the presidency of the Bank. During the ensuing six years, he handled the affairs of the Reichsbank with what his most severe critics—of whom he has many—would testify to be extraordinary capacity. Governor Montagu Norman of the Bank of England, than whom there is no better judge, frequently pronounced Schacht to be the most competent central bank head in the world. His career as chief of the Reichsbank he, himself, brought to a close at the second Hague Conference in 1930. At that time he resigned on the ground that the original Young Plan, which he had signed at Paris in June, 1929, had been ruined by the concessions which the German statesmen had yielded at the two Hague Conferences, and which Dr. Schacht declared would render the Young Plan impossible of fulfilment by Germany.

Some critics declare that, if only Dr. Schacht had been able to "go along" with his Government, had retained his presidency of the Reichsbank, and had taken his seat as a director of the Bank for International Settlements, he might well have been able, with his experience, strength, and position, to temper the recent serious difficulties in his country. But post mortem examinations are seldom satisfactory, and "what might have been" if Dr. Schacht had seen his way clear to support the Young Plan, in the formation of which he was so active, is mere speculation.

GERMAN GOVERNMENT CRITICIZED

In the course of his eighteen very readable chapters, commendably free from technicality and sometimes rising to a height of impassioned utterance, Dr. Schacht says a good many startling things. But to those Americans who have been obliged to follow German affairs with more or less care since the Versailles Treaty of 1919, the most interesting topics are these: first, Dr. Schacht's sweeping and bitter criticism of German government bungling, his severe arraignment of the workings of what he styles the Socialist System; second, his prediction of the break-down of Reparations. Even though the coincidence of many of the details of his prophecy with what has actually happened in the last few months is striking, it must be said that Dr. Schacht passes very lightly over the extent to which Germany's unwise moves in foreign policy have contributed to the break-down.

Reading Dr. Schacht's strictures upon the ineptitudes of the successive German Governments, one surely gains the impression that the major part of Germany's present economic and financial woes she has brought upon herself. For example, during the years following the adoption of the Dawes Plan in 1924, matters seemed to be going much better in Germany. But, as Dr. Schacht points out, the government, instead of utilizing this opportunity for balancing its budget and getting on a sound fiscal basis, proceeded to waste its substance in extravagant schemes, and to borrow either at home or abroad to meet

* THE END OF REPARATIONS. By HJALMAR H. G. SCHACHT. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.

This Week

"EVERYMAN REMEMBERS."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

"MEMOIRS OF A POLYGLOT."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"A CARTOONIST'S PHILOSOPHY."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"A CALENDAR OF SIN."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE."
Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM.

"SAND IN MY SHOES."
Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE.

EL DORADO, ETC.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

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its recurring budget deficits. Such policy the author characterizes in a paragraph that some American reviews have, I note, already quoted. But it is worth quoting again:

> Germany having lost the war, the Revolution of 1918 brought to the helm a party which had no concern for the defense of the economic interests of the nation, but at once set to work to enjoy the barren triumph of applying its party theories, which it expected would make all mankind happy. After the war Germany should have devoted herself to one single goal: to cultivate every kind of national feeling, to concentrate on the preservation of every tradition which survived, and by the most disciplined industry and economy to increase the productive forces of the nation. That was perhaps too much for the strength of man worn down and weakened by almost five years of war and hunger. Nevertheless the Marxist system, which the Social Democracy conferred on us after the war, bears a full measure of blame for the inner collapse of our people from which we are only just beginning to recover.

EFFECT OF SOCIALISTIC MEASURES

With this denunciation of "the Marxist system," Dr. Schacht concentrates in his Chapter XIII most (but by no means all) of his criticism of what he terms German socialism at work. In his indictment of the German "socialist system" Dr. Schacht points out among other things that in 1929 German states and municipalities were in control of fifty-three per cent of the water power of the country, with "the result" that electric light and power are dearer in Germany than almost anywhere else. The annual cost of social insurance in Germany today is eight billion marks, as compared with one billion marks in 1919. The author states that thirty per cent of the *entire* industrial population of Germany today are either government officials, or are working in enterprises upon which government, either national, state, or local, exercises a decisive influence. He declares that in 1930, out of an estimated national income of between sixty-two and sixty-five billion marks, some thirty billion marks were for taxes and social expenditures and for state social insurance. It would have been interesting, if at this point Dr. Schacht had explained a little more fully why, with this annual income of over sixty billion marks, it has been impossible for Germany to devote two billion marks (being not over 4% of her national income for 1930) to Reparations without declaring a complete *non possumus*. However, that is perhaps another story.

It is hardly fair to attribute solely to the German Socialist party, as Dr. Schacht rather seems to do, the extravagant social policy of the various German Governments. The German Conservative parties bear their share of the blame, since they have consistently refused to consider a fundamental readjustment of the financial relationship between the Reich and its component states, a readjustment which is an essential preliminary to any adequate fiscal system; and the Conservative parties seem to have been quite as active as the Socialists in making extravagant expenditures for the objects dearest to their hearts.

UNWISE POLITICAL MOVES

While Dr. Schacht has analyzed very fully certain of the economic factors leading to the Reparations breakdown, he has ignored the political factors which may well have been of equal importance in causing the export of capital by the German middle class and the large-scale withdrawal of funds from Germany by the leading Continental markets. These political factors include the apparent abandonment—temporarily at any rate—of Stresemann's policy of conciliation and coöperation; the virtual encouragement by the coalition government of the Stahlhelm military organization; the manner in which the Austro-German Customs proposal was projected; the failure to ratify the Polish-German Trade Treaty in spite of the fact that it was particularly favorable to German trade interests.

Dr. Schacht says that Germany's Reparations payments have been met entirely through foreign borrowings. This statement is hardly accurate, for when a balance sheet is made up of many items, one is hardly justified in balancing one single item on the credit side against another single item on the debit side. It is, however, quite true, as the recent Wiggin report points out, that from 1924 to 1930 there was a net influx of capital into Germany of about 18 billion reichsmarks, and during the same period Germany paid out in reparations over 10 billions of reichsmarks. The actual result of the large foreign loans, arranged subsequent to 1924, was to make it possible for the German people to increase their imports enormously and so to raise their standard of living. Of course, the whole theory upon which the Dawes Plan was built was that the German people would undertake a rigid course of economy and of taxes and would both decrease their imports and increase their exports. This is what actually happened after the loans ceased in 1929. But during the five previous years, as Dr. Schacht points out in other terms, both the German Government and people largely failed to take the steps necessary to render the payment of reparations less difficult. The increased consumption of beer and tobacco, and the growth of savings banks deposits in Germany all go to bear out this view.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE MARK

Chapter VIII happens today to be of special interest, because Dr. Schacht is able to describe the strong restrictive measures which he, as Reichsbank president, successfully put into effect, to prevent the flight from the mark in the spring of 1929. It well may have been that, if similar methods had been sternly invoked early this last July, they would have resulted in putting on the brakes sufficiently to minimize the then flight from the mark. For the rush of German nationals to get rid of their own currency was a great factor in arousing lack of confidence in foreign lenders and in leading them to make heavy withdrawals of funds from Germany. No doubt the measures in question are most severe and abnormal. But sometimes they are necessary. Stability of currency is of vital importance to the economy of the whole nation. And Dr. Schacht, in this volume, maintains that the German mark can be held stable by use of credit restriction, but at "horrible" expense to German banking, business, and economic life.

Quite aside from Dr. Schacht's views on measures to restrain a flight from the mark, his Chapter XI is significant in its analysis of German credit and currency conditions in the last few years, and in its exposition of the conditions which have led up to Germany's present difficult situation. In the course of this chapter Dr. Schacht says:

> . . . since, furthermore, it is improbable that foreign credits will continue to be available for these purposes; and since, finally, it would be idiotic to continue to resort to such credits, it is absolutely certain that a time will come when the whole system will smash.

We must all agree that Dr. Schacht has unfortunately proved to be no mean prophet. He has "called the turn," and it has been a serious one, indeed! And he calls all the governmental bodies in Germany sharply to account for recklessness and for their proneness to borrow money abroad to pay for their heavy extravagances at home. "There was no excuse for the national government, the provinces, or the municipalities to borrow money abroad to make up their budgetary or treasury deficits," he adds.

Dr. Schacht devotes the closing chapters of his book to discussion of various phases of world commerce. Towards the end of the volume the author again indulges in prophecy when he says:

> Why should a foreign banker or capitalist have confidence in a country which is burdened with a reparation obligation of two billion marks annually, and has not for twelve years been able to pay a single pfennig of this out of its own economic earnings? So long as the reparations obligation persists, and so long as the world is not convinced that ways and means have been assured by which Germany can pay off these reparations out of her own normal economic activity, Germany will have no more credit.

OTHER FACTORS IN THE CRISIS

Such sweeping expressions as these of Dr. Schacht's just quoted may well have served to intensify Germany's current difficulties. There are some people today who feel that Germany's recent crisis was brought about not so much because of economic disability, but because so many of her public men, in what they may have deemed to be a perfectly legitimate effort to reduce their Reparations burdens, talked "poor" to the extent of raising grave doubt in foreign financial centres as to the solvency of the Reich. There is no doubt that Germany as a whole had put itself in an unsafe position by excessive foreign borrowing in the form of short-term loans; a considerable part of them being devoted to capital purposes, as contrasted with purely self-liquidating, commercial transactions. Yet, as long as foreign lenders remained thoroughly convinced of Germany's good faith and good will, there need have been no great haste on their part to withdraw their credit support. But one great difficulty was that the constant talk of poverty, and inability to pay, alarmed German nationals as well as foreigners, and withdrawals became heavy from both these classes of creditors.

One must maintain an objective attitude on these matters, and I am not, for myself, venturing to question the good faith or honest motive of the German authorities. They have for years been in a most difficult position with heavy political pressure from within, and financial urgency from without. They must frequently have been at their wits' end to know what was the wise course to pursue. But it is obvious that their critics will really have sound ground for attack if the government of the Reich fails to apply the savings resulting from President Hoover's debt holiday to the liquidation of German short-term obligations, both abroad and at home. Enormous relief will accrue to Germany from even this one-year holiday, provided it is availed of to correct some of the errors of unsound public finance in Germany.

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED

From the utterances which came out of Germany upon the announcement of the Hoover plan, one almost got the impression that many Germans thought President Hoover had undertaken to endorse German political and financial policy and at the same time to censure France. It would be the greatest possible blunder for the Germans to entertain any such mistaken belief. The German authorities must conduct themselves so that American and world confidence in their good sense and integrity will be built up—not undermined.

In summing up Dr. Schacht's main theses one would perhaps not have much difficulty in restating them in such a phrase as this: Germany's present trouble, arising, of course, out of the war, is due to the faulty fiscal and social policies of her governments; to the Reparations burden; to treaty restrictions which have hampered her economic life; to abnormally high tariff barriers in effect on both sides of the Atlantic, and to the world depression generally. Now, if Germany is partially crippled by these listed causes, we must know full well that America, too, is gravely injured by these causes as they act through Germany. Therefore, if we are intelligent on these matters, and if we have the intention of continuing to work for the restoration of world conditions, so as to improve our own lot, we must see what, if anything, we can do to help change these conditions that afflict Germany with especial severity.

BURDENS BORNE BY AMERICA

And upon a little analysis we at once discover that we Americans have carried, and are carrying, far more of the burden than we have been accustomed to think we have. We were, for so long a time, told by our Government that the American people were not interested in Reparations, that we have rather meekly accepted that negative idea. And yet, when we look at the figures, we are surprised to note that America is the chief community that has been lending the money to put Germany on her feet and in a position to pay Reparations. Since the inception of the Dawes Plan in 1924, American investors have bought German securities, government, provincial or municipal, to the extent of almost $1,200,000,000.* In more recent years our American banks have extended in short-term credits to German banks upwards of $500,000,000 which have manifestly been in certain measure a contribution to the payment of Reparations.† We may say, therefore, that for twelve years, ever since 1919, the American financial or investment community has been carrying altogether too much of this Reparations burden, and has thus made it easier for the creditor powers to avoid seeking a really final solution of the Reparations question.

In a recent forecast of world business conditions, issued by a leading American corporation, the statement is made that, "until tariffs are reduced and international loans are made to stimulate trade, a real international trade recovery is likely to be slow. It is one of the tragedies of politics that during the present period of stress German citizens, because of the prohibitively high protective tariff, are suffering from an unwarrantedly high cost of living, particularly for wheat and flour products, while wheat is selling on our markets at the lowest price on record." On this point, however, Dr. Schacht's friends, the German Socialists, are not open to criticism.

THE BARRIERS AGAINST TRADE

Can there be any question that what Dr. Schacht characterizes as "excessive protectionism" is one of the causes that not only helps to cripple Germany, but makes the whole world go limping along? In almost every country, including our own, this "excessive protectionism" is hard at work. Every country declares that it is a bad thing for the other country, but a good and necessary thing for itself. And we blithely go forward here in America to set up new and higher barriers for trade to try to leap over or fall

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* A recent bulletin of the United States Department of Commerce places total American investment of all kinds in Germany at a figure of 2½ billion dollars.

† The recent so-called Wiggin report on conditions in Germany states that as of March 31, last, America held over 37% of the German bank short-term indebtedness; England about 20½%, France only 6½%.

Lute Song

By CLARA SHANAFELT

THOSE old quaint things this age does least esteem
I love the best:
Quiet and solitude and permanence,
The grave blue mountain and the silver stream.

I dreamed I voyaged to an Arcadian country
In whose kind leisure
The hand could learn its craft, the heart its measure,
And beauty flourish in tranquillity.

Bemused since then, the exile of a dream,
Pursued by riot,
Mocked by a barbarous race that hates my quiet,
I seek the mountain and the silver stream.

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prostrate before. Even now the question of placing a tariff on copper and oil is being seriously discussed here. And yet those are probably the two products (counting in the South American copper-producing companies that are American-owned and controlled) that we produce more cheaply than any other country in the world.

Some time we shall learn our lesson in this tariff business, but probably not from Germany's present plight. We shall have to learn it all ourselves and through some painful process. That is about the only way that valuable experience ever comes to anyone. Here in America we seem to be engaged in thinking that we can do our best to put an embargo on foreign products and yet believe that foreigners will change their natures so that they will be eager to buy our goods. We forget that man is man and is, and will be, ruled to the end of his days not only by his intelligence, but by his passions, his loves, hopes, and fears. Those are the elements that on both sides of the water we must take more fully into account; otherwise Reparations, Germany, the world generally, will never find solution for their difficulties.

THE LOGIC OF LOWER TARIFFS

How long will it take America to learn that a country cannot become overwhelmingly the creditor of the rest of the world and at the same time remain a high-tariff nation? The two terms are contradictory. American bankers and investors have about come to the point (although *not all of them may yet realize it*) where they will no longer feel safe in making loans abroad while their Government continues to stick rigidly by a tariff policy that threatens to take away from the foreign borrowers the means for repayment of such loans. And it is obvious that one reason why the other nations of the earth have been building up fresh tariff walls is the conviction that, if so great a country as the United States of America feels it essential to erect increasingly high tariffs, then all the more is it necessary for these lesser and weaker nations to follow our noble example.

In its settlement with its foreign debtors the United States Government has already proved (except, in my judgment, in the case of Great Britain) a generous creditor. But the present situation is not one where generosity or niggardliness are the ruling factors. For in the long run, America will, acting justly, do what her economic needs require. Those will be the moving forces. They grind slowly but exceedingly fine. Is it conceivable that they will eventually bring us to the point of joining in some well-considered move for world tariff reduction? Such an idea is probably too much to hope for. Yet is it so impossible to believe that the same American people who welcomed with such relief and acclaim President Hoover's debt-holiday plan and all its implications, would find themselves—somewhat to their surprise—welcoming all-around tariff reduction with equal good sense and determination? There would be no difficulty in avoiding wild and indiscriminate tariff slashes. And certainly ways could be found, with all due regard for our industries which long ago graduated from the infant class, to reduce materially the height of our tariff barriers and at the same time, through encouraging greater imports in certain schedules, to increase substantially our customs revenues.

THE COMPLEXES OF FEAR

It was fear that became the controlling element in the writing of the Versailles Treaty. The French people were, and still are, obsessed with the fear of another German military invasion. Danger of such attack may not exist. But the French think it does and thus to them it becomes real—so real as to be the guiding factor in all French foreign policy. André Maurois, in a recent paper on the attitude and psychology of the French people, brings out this phase very clearly. Whether reasonable or unreasonable, it is a fact that we all have to reckon with, America almost as much as the others, when assembling of the Disarmament Conference of next February draws nigh.

Just as France has this complex of fear of war, so Germany has a complex of conspiracy. The Germans feel that the French are conspiring to ruin them, to pull Germany apart, and to compel it to lose its power as an economic force. This complex accounts for the fact that the German authorities, when financial crisis recently confronted them, turned not to their chief long-time creditor, France, but to Great Britain. This may have been a natural, but it was not the most sensible course. Obviously the French are the people for the Germans to try to come to terms with, financially as well as politically. There are signs that the Germans are waking up to this fact. It is the most important single element in the whole of their foreign relations. It can well spell success or ruin for the German economy.

ORDERLY PROCESSES OF READJUSTMENT

The Germans continue to pound for a territorial revision of the Versailles Treaty. Now I am one of the last men in the world to believe that the Versailles Treaty is a testament of perfection. It has always contained certain thoroughly bad clauses. But it is in existence. It cannot be treated as a scrap of paper. It may be revised only through orderly processes. There is no reason for believing, as many of the people in London and Washington have seemed to believe, that the French people will prove unreasonable on these matters. But certainly we must all take into account the passion which the French have for methodical, legal processes, and we should not become impatient when they insist upon following such methods. We know full well that political questions of prime importance to the whole Continent of Europe are waiting for solution, and when we speak of Reparations alone we are aware that no completely final settlement can be reached without direct reference to these political problems which are involved.

DIRECT APPROACH THE BEST METHOD

As to Reparations, about which Dr. Schacht writes so urgently and with so much force, there must be some common ground of agreement that the German and the French people can and should eventually reach. Under the Young Plan the German Government has the right to declare a moratorium upon the non-postponable reparations payments, and to ask the Bank for International Settlements to nominate a committee that presumably might suggest revision in the Plan. But a moratorium already exists, and it might seem preferable that Germany should within the framework of the Young Plan, address its view direct to France. And the sooner the better. For there must be some figure of Reparations payments that the Germans themselves should be moved to propose; a figure not so unreasonably small as to deserve the contempt of the creditor powers, not so large as to be beyond the assured capacity of the German people to pay. Dr. Schacht himself, in almost the first week of the Young Plan discussion in the winter of 1929, proposed an annual figure of approximately one thousand million marks, about one-half of the amount which was ultimately set. Perhaps something like that would be a correct figure—perhaps one much different. These are days when we must all be realists and must appraise the actualities of Germany's present situation, without being unduly prejudiced by attempts to assess the blame for it.

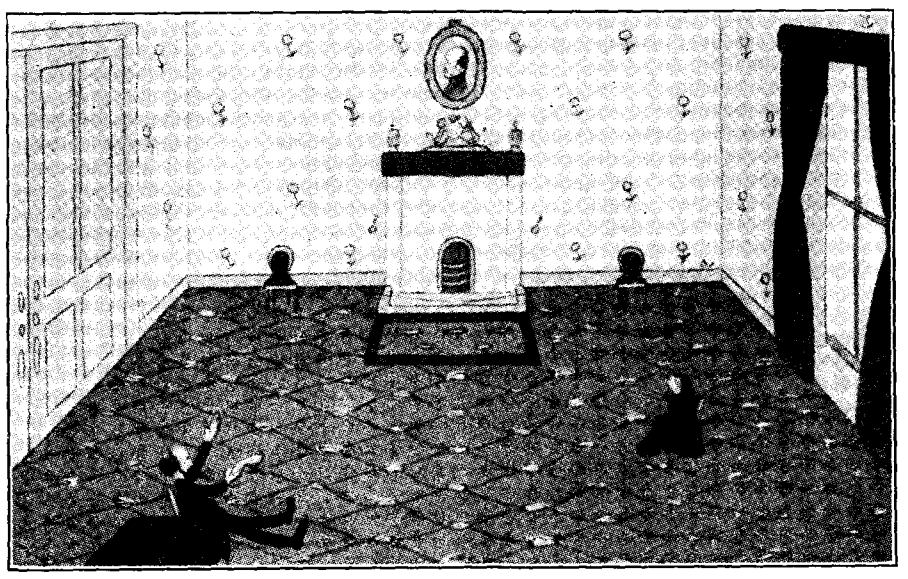
In the midst of the crisis through which Germany has been passing no so-called expert can begin to name any figure. Only the Germans and the French can eventually reach that point. They can do it, but only when they each bring themselves to the point of abandoning on either side those *idées fixes* of which I have spoken. If, in order to reach a settlement that will work, the leading nations of Europe require even more of coöperation from America than they have yet had, they *should get it, always assuming the reasonableness* of their requirements.

IT IS EUROPE'S NEXT MOVE

Finally, however, neither Germany, France nor any other country should gain the idea that President Hoover, having undertaken with his one-year debt-holiday to meet an immediate emergency, is necessarily called upon to make the next move. This whole problem of international indebtedness is not now "up to" the American Government. President Hoover has made a great and helpful gesture. The world will not soon forget his constructive measures. It now becomes the prime business of the European governments to undertake to settle the question of Reparations, and that without American initiative. I have ventured to indicate what might be an expedient and expeditious mode of procedure. But whether that, or some other, be the one to be adopted, the problem is primarily one of European concern. If, then, such adjustment as may be proposed by the European governments seems manifestly sensible and workable; and if such arrangement calls for a certain measure of revision of the European governmental debts due to Washington, the American government can cross that bridge when it comes to it.

Certainly, after the sensational events of the last few weeks, especially Great Britain's suspension of the gold standard, no sensible American can have serious question that the Administration at Washington will be prepared to receive with an open mind any fresh debt proposals of a constructive nature that emanate from the governments of Europe. Of that fact President Hoover himself gives clear intimation in his recent (October 7th) and notable statement that had to do with unified measures to meet this country's economic difficulties.

The publication in braille of a monthly literary magazine for the blind, sponsored by the American Braille Press and the Henry F. Holmes Fund of the New York Public Library, was announced recently. The magazine, the first of its kind, will be devoted to reviews of books, biographies of contemporary writers, and essays on literature.



WHAT "EVERYMAN" CAN REMEMBER—LORD TENNYSON READS TO HIS SOVEREIGN. FROM A CARTOON BY MAX BEERBOHM.

An Optimist's Memories

EVERYMAN REMEMBERS. By Ernest Rhys. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by Henry Walcott Boynton

HERE is a book for readers who cut (and perhaps even lost) their wisdom-teeth before this bumptious and blundering century came in. It is the intimate, reminiscent chat of a life-long bookman who still looks on his work and on the world about him with zest unknown to the weary youth of to-day. Ernest Rhys has had his full share of toil, trouble, and loss, but concludes that "the human comedy is not to be forgotten in the tragedy, and this is on the whole, I trust, a light-hearted book." His father was a Welsh divinity student who ran away with an English damsel of high degree and became a wine-merchant of strongly Puritan manners. Rhys was "a lazy, idle boy," would not (to his later regret) go to Oxford, and after some years of rough experience as a mining engineer, was irresistibly drawn to a literary career. This book is a random chronicle of his life as journalist, poet, and editor. Books were his field; but he was immensely interested in people, especially the people behind books, and these pages are more a record of personalities and contacts than a story of the struggles and achievements of a writing man.

While he was a mining engineer in the North Country, he began to write verse, and it was to be a poet that (about 1885) he threw up his job and came to London. Edmund Gosse was the only literary person he knew there, and Gosse gave him small encouragement. Nobody wanted Rhys's poetry. He got a little hack-work, made some acquaintances among other drudges of Parnassus who aspired to reach the heights. That was a London in which Oscar Wilde began to cut a figure, and on which Bernard Shaw had dawned to be recognized already as "a mixture of Mephistopheles and Jesus Christ." Swinburne had long since challenged the respectability of Victorian poetry, but most of the young London poets of the '80's were harmlessly imitating either William Morris or Austin Dobson. Rhys was tempted to align himself with some of the new movements or movers—the Fabians, the Aesthetes. Once he was nearly persuaded by a bottle of Burgundy and an Archbishop to sign up with Morris's "Socialist League," but an instinct for personal freedom and especially for a free pen, kept him out of that entanglement. Meanwhile he had no tangible excuse for independence. He struggled along for some time as a free lance, finding much work and little profit in the Grub Street of the time. Then a representative of Walter Scott the publisher called on him by mistake, supposing him to be Professor Rhys of Oxford; and when they parted Rhys of London had a commission to edit a series of prose reprints. This was the familiar Camelot Series, still among the best groups of its kind.

One of the earlier numbers in the Camelot series was Whitman's "Specimen Days." Rhys belonged to the growing company of Whitman-admirers in England, and one of his first experiences when he came to America, was a visit to Walt at Camden. There in the shabbiness and litter of the Mickle Street cottage he found the man he had sought, a presence brooding and benign. Only at the name of Swinburne (who had lost his early zeal for the American and invented the word "Whitmanism"): "He turned round, raised his big hand from the broad arm of the chair on which it rested, and in a tremendous voice that shook me to the midrib, cried: 'Of all the damned simulacra I have known, that man was the worst. He brought me to a table spread with fair dishes, and when I lifted up the covers, behold, *there was nothing there!*'" Rhys was more impressed by Whitman than by any other American, though he liked the Stedmans and Gilders of New York, and in Boston warmed to Charles Eliot Norton's hospitality, Russell Lowell's pran-

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dial charm, and Dr. Holmes's irrepressible youth.

In London Rhys became increasingly prominent—no, that is the wrong word, he became a presence increasingly though quietly felt in the literary life of the city. He was one of the founders of the Rhymer's Club, where so much of the brilliant, bewildered young genius of the period foregathered, Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons and Richard LeGallienne. It was on LeGallienne's recommendation that the Bodley Head brought out Rhys's first book of verse: and much excellent verse he has written, if no great poetry; he is a man of his time. The Camelot Series came to an end, bequeathing to its editor a plan for a greater scheme of the kind. Taken up by the adventurous J. M. Dent, this resulted in "Everyman's Library." In his origination and conduct of that great series, Ernest Rhys has most fully and permanently expressed himself—his sensitive taste and his catholic enjoyment of all that is best in British letters. The present book also is revealing in its spontaneous and unlabored outpouring of a friendly and ardent soul—a true cherisher and nourisher of the fine art of living as well as of the simpler arts for which that label is commonly reserved.

"Toujours de l'Audace'

MEMOIRS OF A POLYGLOT. By WILLIAM GERHARDI. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

JUST what is to be done with a very clever and, in some ways, very callow young man, who, on the basis of a readable novel or two, feels called on—"when Darwin postulated the survival of the fittest, he did not allow for street accidents"—to write his autobiography?

Certainly Mr. Gerhardi's solemn pose of "Me and Proust," "Me and Goethe"; the pert exhibitionism of his long string of trivial sexual adventures; his intellectual snobbishness, are a bit irritating. A friend of ours, himself a writer and almost as devout an admirer of Proust as Mr. Gerhardi himself, borrowing the book for a quarter of an hour, tosses it back with, "You feel like giving him a sock in the jaw!"

Possibly; but alas, where would that get you? Although seemingly not addicted to sport or any form of healthy outdoor exercise, the young novelist is in the prime of life and reports himself as six feet tall, and the violent gesture would but confirm him in his conviction of the inherent vulgarity of the man of action and, as contrasted with the artist's preoccupations, of objective activity in general. No, better to curb such impulses as the crochetiness of age in the face of ebullient and unlicked youth, and turn to the merits of the author's work, which are not inconsiderable.

Mr. Gerhardi writes charmingly. He has grace, wit, imagination, malice, and a frankness so complete as to be almost perverse. He respects nothing, it seems, except his own notion of his integrity as an artist. And much of his book, in particular the story of his childhood and early youth in Russia, is, indeed, the work of an artist, eccentric but real.

It should, perhaps, be explained here, for those unacquainted with the author of "Futility," that Mr. Gerhardi is a special sort of person—polyglot, indeed! Born in St. Petersburg, of English parents, his father descended from Italian and Italo-German forebears, he grew up, until eighteen, practically as a young Russian. Like other Russian children of well-to-do parents, he learned English, French, and German in the nursery. Even now, he speaks the first with a foreign intonation; in moments of sudden physical danger, such as dodging an unexpected motor-car, is inclined to use the phrases of his old German nurse; while he and his brothers and sisters, when they want to be particularly frank and intimate, drop instinctively into Russian.

All the first part of his story, in addition to the individual qualities lent by Mr. Gerhardi's point of view and style, has a charm which recalls the earlier chapters of Karsavina's "Theatre Street." Both the great Russian dancer and the now English novelist were a part of prewar Petersburg, that peculiarly "imperial" city, at once cold and majestic, yet somehow wistful and dreamlike, and now dead and gone, like a fairytale city whose bells can still be heard, tolling faintly beneath the sea.

The town itself and the childhood that he and his brothers and sisters lived there, in the big white "palace" alongside his father's cotton mill on the Neva quay, belong in a more than ordinary sense to a vanished world—have about them a completeness and finality which lends itself peculiarly to Mr. Gerhardi's gift (and his esthetic philosophy) of distilling the essential beauties, humors, and significances of the complex of heterogeneous past experiences, at last matured and transmuted, in a cool, detached, and harmonious stream.

"Life as it flows is so much time wasted and nothing can ever be recovered or truly possessed save under the form of eternity, which is also the form of art," he quotes from Santayana, and in the first half or three-quarters of his story he really achieves something of this sort of permanence. If the flip and rather shallow literary and other chit-chat of the later chapters sometimes make one want to throw the book away (something of the same sort of thing happened in Karsavina's story, and must needs happen in any autobiography carried right down into the edges of a still active life) you will be inclined to keep it for what is achieved in the earlier part, for the humor, the precision, the warm finality of what may really be called literature.

I am no enthusiast for the fashion of explaining people, especially contemporaries, on some neat chemical formula or accident of childhood. But having growled a bit at Mr. Gerhardi's bumptiousness, it seems only fair to say that some of his less engaging traits flow quite naturally from the circumstances.

He admits, always amusingly, that he was regarded as the dunce of his family. He seems to have been rather delicate, and even as late as his farcical joining up in England "for King and Country," his father wrote him from Petrograd that of course he couldn't stand roughing it in the trenches and had better apply for some sedentary job in the War Office where he could use his languages. And, indeed, after a try with the cavalry—"how I loathed 'Stables,' the greedy, ill-mannered horses who stamped for their food, and when you gave it to them tried first to devour the food of their neighbor, to eat their own in leisure thereafter"—he was luckily transferred to "Intelligence," and saw the war in luxury as an attaché of the British Mission in Petrograd and later in Vladivostock.

Old Russia destroyed, he had none of the ordinary person's comfortably supporting roots; was, in effect, an emigré Englishman; had nothing to fight the world with but his ability to charm or surprise it. There is enough, and more, in Mr. Gerhardi's story to account for his adopting the tactics of *"l'audace, toujours de l'audace."* Possibly, as he goes along, this will seem less necessary. There is enough in his work, thus far, to suggest that he will "go along."

Skippy Philosophy

A CARTOONIST'S PHILOSOPHY. By PERCY CROSBY. McLean, Va.: Percy Crosby. 1931.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

SEVERAL million people, I imagine, have a warm as well as an amused affection for "Skippy," the weird-faced little boy of Mr. Crosby's comic strip. Skippy has seemed to them a very definite person. A cartoonist with a philosophy, especially a philosophy of art, ought to understand that one may sympathize with his dislike of racketeers and prohibition agents, and at the same time dislike to see Skippy's little twisted mouth trumpeting propaganda or moralizing along the lines of that philosophy—if it is a philosophy and has any lines. When one has created a character, an obligation is created to respect the integrity of the character.

The philosophy of art referred to is to the effect that artists do not create, but transmit; they are all "transmitters"; the force that makes art and the force that makes nature are one and the same; very much as Whitman thought that poets were not makers but "listeners." The idea is familiar, but if it is one and the same force which inspires, informs, and is the universe, including its poets and artists, then, as parts of its energy and higher consciousness, they are not only transmitters but minute creators.

Is not all this a jumble of words? Is there any difference between saying that inspiration comes from the Unknowable, and saying that we do not know where it comes from? Except that the first asserts what it does not know, namely, that something is unknowable, and the last only what it does know, namely, that something is unknown. What difference does it make whether the artist is called a transmitter or a creator? Both of them refer to something they can infer, but cannot define or describe. Poet means maker by etymology, and artist means craftsman, the one who does a thing the way it ought to be done, And the last is the most useful way of looking at it. Inspiration may jump of its own sweet will out of the unknowable, but craftsmanship and self-criticism can be achieved. The "eight prominent publishers" who did not see any commercial possibilities in this volume probably objected to the chaos of it, or to the disintegration of Skippy, rather than to its vehement comments on America or on prohibition.

"If one must decide between freedom of thought and gold, the author prefers the formlessness that accepts no mold save that ordained by the Creator," so he publishes himself, which is admirably courageous. But why be so solemn about it? To call one's formlessness an ordainment of the creator is what the irreverent nowadays call bunk. The miscellany called the universe is so called because of the unity that there is in its miscellany.

Mr. Crosby's miscellany has the unity of the author and, like the universe, is not uniformly interesting, and the analogy may prove the creator behind it. Still, it is better for an artist to look at himself as a craftsman rather than as a philosopher, or as one to whom the creator delivers the form as well as the substance of his product out of the Unknowable.

Miscellanies are all right. Personally I like that kind of reading. And some of this one is very good. (The description of the cliff dwellers on the coast of Normandy near Dieppe, the monologues of Harold the chauffeur, Raymond, and the rabbit Blancot). Some of the dialogue between Skippy and the Belittlers is delicious, but a good deal of the "Skippy Philosophy" is off the key. It is not the way Skippy should talk. The argumentative dialogue is a *genre* with natural demands of its own. My reaction to Mr. Crosby's use of it is that it is not very well done; it needs more craftsmanship and less belief in a direct connection with the Unknowable. The dialogue called 'Skippy Philosophy" begins:

"Who started this world?" inquired the Belittler.

"A very lovely man—and smart, too," Skippy replied. "Why, what's the matter with it?"

"Well, to begin with——"

[Rather out of drawing so far, but what follows next is almost perfect. The dialogue ought to have begun here.]

"I don't like the way toitles is made."

"What's wrong with 'em?"

"Their bellies don't fit right, 'cause their heads is always fallin' in."

"So! That's the credit God gets, huh, after he worked and worked tryin' to think up a toitle!"

"Why didn't he look in the zoo?"

"This was away before zoos, before everything. Why, he owns everything. He owns all the air."

"Oh, radio!"

"No! no! Air! Don't you know what they put in noses? That's what he put holes in ya for."

"Do you call that lovely—puttin' holes in a guy?"

"Ya have to have air, don't ya?"

"I only borrow it for a moment, then I push it right back."

Whether inspiration or craftsmanship, that is lovely dialogue. It is what one has in mind in saying Mr. Crosby is a bit of a genius who writes as well as draws. He needs self-criticism badly, and self-criticism is something that can be achieved.

One may think Mr. Crosby a bit of a genius in his way; and be as convinced as he that there has been some kind of a moral sag in this country since the war—comparable to the one that followed the Civil War—and that some kind of a reform wave is probably in the offing; as convinced, too, that prohibition has not been a success, has no prospect of success, and has some connection with, and some responsibility for, the sag; and at the same time one may have the regretful impression that he carries no more weight as a controversialist than as a philosopher. One may suspect that the Chicago papers, which ignored or did not feature prominently enough, his speech "dedicated to the cause of American freedom," were not moved by fear of Capone; that neither they, nor that yet uneliminated outrage, Capone, thought it of any great interest. It is understandable enough that radio stations do not like to broadcast controversial matters, and whether or not they ought to give half hours each to Wets and Drys, I'm sure I don't know. But of course the policy is irritating to an impatient prophet.

As a controversialist he seems rther more indignant than informed. A sense of injury may feel very large in the chest, and yet look not very dignified in print. Finally, all these unkind comments are provoked by the feeling that Mr. Crosby is a genius in one way, but not in every way that may be suggested to him out of the Unknowable.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

NEWTON D. BAKER: America at War. By COL. FREDERICK PALMER. *Dodd, Mead.*

A chronicle of the war years, based on the personal papers of the Secretary of War, his correspondence with President Wilson and other leaders, confidential governmental and army cablegrams, and other first hand material.

SPARKS FLY UPWARD. By OLIVER LA FARGE. *Houghton Mifflin.*

The story of a half-caste Indian, with Central America for background, and toil and turmoil to lend dramatic qualities to its narrative.

COLD. By LAURENCE MCKINLEY GOULD. *Brewer, Warren & Putnam.*

The account of his sledge trip by the commander of Byrd's overland expedition.

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American Melodrama

A CALENDAR OF SIN. By EVELYN SCOTT. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

A BOOK both impressive and depressing, Miss Evelyn Scott's new two volume novel, "A Calendar of Sin," is easily read despite its great length and its occasional lapses from fine melodrama into the commonplace. To a degree, as did "The Wave," it gives the impression of being a feat of skill performed with ability but with a too steady consciousness of great but unimpassioned intent. Excellent as such, the two volumes are a collection of horrifying historical American melodramas. The book is not in any sense epic despite an epic theme.

In "The Wave" Miss Scott chose the Civil War and diversely personified it in melodrama. Here she has chosen an even more ambitious subject. "A Calendar of Sin" is a calendar not only of sin but of the more degrading sense of sinfulness in the whole of America in the fifty years that followed the Cicil War. Unlike "The Wave," the whole is bound together into a single story or rather a group of stories about individuals who touch each other's lives in this procession from a middle-aged seduction in Odessa, Indiana, in 1867, to a rape and lynching in Mimms, Tennessee, in the next century.

Miss Scott makes a definite and generally successful effort to bind her novel and its characters to the whole America, geographical and historical, in the period about which she writes. To do that she has chosen two families, one a northern family unhappy in the respectability of a bleak new western town, and the other an aristocratic Southern family in Tennessee, involved in internecine feud over the Civil War and the subsequent bitter-riding Ku Klux Klan. The histories of the two families become interwoven through the flight of one woman from the consciousness of sin, from the cruel respectable Odessa to the crueler though more graceful Mimms. Through the flight of lovers Miss Scott takes her story to the new farm country being wrested from unwilling Indians in the Northwest. A boy runs away from home to death in the Spanish-American frontier drama of New Mexico. An aristocratic girl goes to New York and becomes a prostitute. Her brother in Chicago is unwittingly involved in the Haymarket riots. A man walks close to the suicide of a woman he had loved in the sordid Washington of reconstruction and corruption. Another man, in love with a wife insane with a sense of the impossibility of purity, grows rich and poor again with the great development of American railroads. An old man, once rich in business trickery, sees his failure to build a great American fortune about his fine Southern name. The Credit Mobilier rises and falls. The anarchists throw the Chicago bomb. The Spanish-American War comes and goes. Bryan says: You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

Across this wide scene Miss Scott moves her characters from melodrama to melodrama, from sin to the consequence of sin and to terrible suffering without reason and without cause. Usually her scenes are sharp and vivid as, for example, that in which the mean, ambitious lawyer, James Dolan, beats to death the little girl who had been his mistress and flings her body into a well, and the scene in which the Tennessee Negro screams to himself his repentant anguish after he has done both rape and murder. Occasionally the scenes are flat and false as when a drunk in Washington recites to a beautiful octaroon woman, about to commit suicide, a poem written to her by an obscure poet in the Treasury named Walt Whitman. Occasionally, too, the scenes are written with an almost too great lingering over aphrodisian details.

The multitude of characters in the two volumes are for the most part convincing although, in attempting to cover every phase of American life in the period, Miss Scott sometimes creates American fiction types instead of true characters. There is sometimes, too, a feeling, in spite of Miss Scott's piling up of almost infinitesimal detail, of inadequate knowledge about the characters. This is perhaps due to the re-introduction of persons into the story after a lapse of many pages. Miss Scott attempts to remedy this by a brief recreation of each character and his role at each re-introduction.

Miss Scott's writing in these two long volumes is both good and bad. There are several passages greatly over-written and too many pages that are dull. It is, of course, futile to say that the novel should be shorter. Many shorter books have their share of tedious passages. The chief fault in Miss Scott's book lies in more fundamental things. There is an old nursery aphorism to the effect that a child's eyes are bigger than his appetite. Miss Scott has great ability but her intent here is greater than her powers. Behind such a tremendous work there seems to lie no great sense of life, no philosophy vital enough to make a work of art of this huge, vivid book. In its pages she has collected terrors enough to convince us that life is sordid and sad, reasonless and cruel. And yet one leaves the book as one leaves a musée of horrors, pleasantly terrified but to no great extent enlightened.

Jonathan Daniels, author of the foregoing review, is a North Carolinian, at present on the staff of the magazine Fortune. *He was for some time connected with the Raleigh* News and Observer, *and is the author of a novel, "Clash of Angels."*

Back to Nature

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. New York. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM

THE Babes-in-the-Wood *motif* is an old one, but still a usable one, and in "Four Frightened People" E. Arnot Robertson shows us what can be done with it in a modern setting. She turns four English folk—three intellectuals and one social nuisance—loose in a Malay jungle, without any equipment but the clothes they stand up in, a limited amount of local currency, and a few sentences of the local dialect, and ruthlessly lets them take their chance of surviving long enough to get back to civilization, without any noticeable assistance from her.

The pilgrims are Judy Corder, a young woman doctor; her cousin Stewart, newspaper man; Ainger, a British government official; and the irritating Mrs. Mardick, who are all fleeing from their plague-stricken steamer to avoid the delays of quarantine. They get ashore secretly by night, and start out to make their way to another trading-station, some thirty miles down the coast, where they hope to catch a boat to Singapore—an admirable plan, but, unfortunately for them, complicated and spoilt by the lay of the land, unfordable rivers, weather, and the jungle itself. A half-breed Malay, Dectlan, is found and engaged as a guide, but turns out to be a total loss in that capacity, though he does know a good deal about the jungle and its inhabitants. The cast is made complete by Dectlan's lady-love, Wan Nau, who follows him on the trail and supplies the party with a very necessary gun.

The drama is staged throughout in the pre-historic jungle itself, sinister and threatening, clothed in perpetual twilight, and seething with antagonistic life. Each day is a new act, full of suspense, exhaustion, and disappointment; each night a long interlude of terror. Their food gives out, their nerves get raw, the inhibitions of civilization dissolve into thin air, their shoes and clothes become shreds and tatters, while blisters, infected wounds, insect-bites, exhaustion, starvation, and perpetual fear make their slow, stumbling pilgrimage a nightmare from hell. To add to their troubles, Ainger and Conder both become enamored of Judy, and quarrel for possession of her, while all three of them unite in a bitter hatred of Mrs. Mardick because of her cheery platitudinous cackle and of her capacity for sleeping like a child under any and all circumstances, to such an extent that at last, to preserve their sanity, they deliberately abandon her while she is asleep, near a native village —not a pretty deed.

Things go on from worse to worse. They encounter the Sakei, the negroid pigmies of the jungle, who hunt them down with blow-pipes and capture them. Dectlan disappears; Wan Nau dies from snake-bite; but the three manage to escape, and finally, when they are all practically at the point of death, they are picked up by a Chinese river-trader, and carried (for a price) to Saigon.

It is a curious book. Not truly adventure, for the pioneer spirit of adventure is absolutely wanting, and the protagonists, who are given to much modernistic discussion around their campfire, only bear their tribulations beause they have to. Not romance, either, in spite of the lop-sided triangular love-story, for the symptoms and effects of this affair are so cold-bloodedly and conscientiously dissected, that it takes on the aspect of an exhibit from a doctor's case-book. In fact, vivid, graphic and logical as the story is in its incidents, clever and acute as it is in its character-drawing, it seems to lack entirely the undefinable something which would have called out in the reader sympathy for the characters and an emotional interest in their feelings and dangers. But there remains always the marvelous background. The author's description of the jungle and its life is superb—unforgettable. It is not too much to say that it would redeem any book whatever from insignificance and make it worthy of note.

The Life of a Hypocrite

THE OLD CROWD. By WILLIAM FITZGERALD, JR. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

A YEAR ago William Fitzgerald, Jr., like a born Southerner, wrote in his first novel the bitter story of decadent aristocracy in the South. His new novel, "The Old Crowd," no less convincing a picture of a society, is pervaded by a finer sense of pity, but the picture he draws of the landed aristocracy of New Hampshire shows that civilization quite as barren as the life he saw and portrayed in the Valley of Virginia. Both books point the inbred and ingrown defenselessness of the aristocrat against a new and more direct world.

Told somewhat after the manner of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "The Strange Case of Annie Spragg," the story of "The Old Crowd" is simply the dissection of a character twenty years after the death of the hypocrite who bore that character and hid it well. The complete viciousness of Colonel Wilfred Harlan's life develops as the stories of the other members of "The Old Crowd" now living are unfolded. Yet the reader understands that if "the Colonel could have left his heavy, silver-handled coffin and risen from the grave it would have been without shame." Shame he left to living people who were silent but not shameless.

Both in New Hampshire and Virginia Mr. Fitzgerald reveals in true line and true color entire generations faithful to their environments. Yet it is not so much his ability to understand a civilization which makes Mr. Fitzgerald a stimulating writer as his power in creating characters. Fundamentally, his work is not that of a writer who pictures a civilization, but of a student who watches the effect of environment upon men and the effect of men upon environment. In "Gentlemen All" his protagonist was destroyed by himself and the society which made him. In "The Old Crowd" the figures on his New Hampshire scene are destroyed by a single man who has the courage of his hypocrisy and his lecherousness. Colonel Harlan, dead twenty years but still marking lives with his smug, secret dirtiness, deserves a place in every rogue's gallery of American literature.

Psychologically, the flaw that Mr. Fitzgerald finds in his aristocrats, whether in New Hampshire or Virginia, grows out of their grace. Grace grew about reticence. As Mr. Fitzgerald looks at his landed aristocrats he sees that most of the grace of their old societies is gone, but that the reticence of the members remains. It is ingrown; particularly it seems to grow like a wall between men and women. The reticence grows stiff-backed as loud and new peoples and societies crowd in. The Virginian was ruined because of his reticence, his inability to present his personality vigorously against a soft, cool voice. The New Hampshire parvenu, adopting the mantle of grace, is able with a complete lack of ingrown honor to smear his dirt upon the lives of all the graceful people he knows.

Especially in his prose Mr. Fitzgerald shows advance over his first book. In "Gentlemen All" he strove after an effect in the sound and rhythm of his words. In this new book his prose is made of that complete and illumined simplicity which is true fine writing.

In the Sand Hills

SAND IN MY SHOES. By KATHARINE BALL RIPLEY. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

HERE is a story true to life and filled with a brave and blithe spirit. The visions of comfortable existence to be wrung from a peach orchard in the sand hills of North Carolina failed, but we are all the richer for the experience which led Mrs. Ripley to write this book. Every page of these swift, plain annals bears conviction. When a true report of life close to the soil and simple people who belong there is written, how easy and pleasant it is to recognize it. Katharine Ball Ripley—the daughter of an editor, and the wife of a writer—lived this book and has told the story well.

When the Ripleys "left the army" in 1921 they had an intense disinclination to settling down to routine existence in a small town. The tales of comparative wealth to be had from planting peaches, and the attractions of having about them congenial friends in the same adventure lured them. For seven years they lived on their peach orchard at Samarcand.

If it had been a story of an elderly couple "Sand in My Shoes" would have been a moving tragedy. Because the Ripleys were young and courageous and took gallantly what fate brought them, the little and intensely human incidents which filled the days and nights on the farm in the sand hills are a record of people undefeated.

And Mrs. Ripley writes with a sure touch. She is an observer whose pen can make people and events come to life. The hired hands, Sanders and Rory, pathetic and ineffective save in their appointed tasks, the Georgia packers who come up to grade and put the Elbertas and Belles of Georgia in crates and baskets are real people. The color of the sand hills is all there. Mrs. Ripley has captured an authentic bit of the South and perpetuated it.

"The January number of *The American Oxonian,*" says that publication, "will contain a list of the publications of American Rhodes Scholars, compiled by George Emerson Barnes (Montana and Christ Church, '04). This work, which is likely to surprise many by its variety and extent, is the first really comprehensive bibliography of American Rhodes Scholars ever prepared and published. It will be of great interest to a larger group of readers than Rhodes Scholars, since it provides a commentary on the question What happens to old Rhodes Scholars?

"The preparation of this bibliography has been the hobby of Dr. Barnes for several years; its appearance is of great significance in the history of the Rhodes Scholarships. Dr. Barnes has made a valuable contribution to Rhodesscholariana.

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America in Arms

(*Continued from page* 241)

anticipation of Congressional enactments. At a time when the grand total of appropriations for departmental expenditures was a mere $30,000,000, he permitted his subordinates to make contracts obligating the government for a round billion dollars.

Indeed, one of the most impressive disclosures of the present volumes is the degree to which the Secretary and his associates were able to anticipate and prepare for the call made upon them. Although it was not expected in the spring of 1917 that the United States would send a large expeditionary force to France, Baker had already determined to raise an army of more than a million men and to do so by means of a draft. The whole elaborate system for raising such a national army was worked out and the forms printed and distributed throughout the country before Congress acted. The contract for the first National Guard camp was let before the funds were authorized, and the plans and specifications for others were ready. In fact, so much had been done that Lord Balfour exclaimed one day in April, 1917: "Am I dreaming? Is it true that already you have a draft bill before your Congress? That you are already starting officers' training camps, and that you are organizing your supply system for a million men?"

That the preparations made proved utterly insufficient is, of course, true, but, as the author says, it is also apparent that the programs of even the most extreme of our preparedness advocates of 1915-16 would have fallen hopelessly short of what was required. The kaleidoscopic changes that were characteristic of the World War at times seemed to defy human reckoning and made every plan and program rather tentative and very often inadequate. As the true situation in Europe was gradually revealed and it became more and more apparent that instead of merely supplementing, the main burden of support must be borne by the United States, the tasks of those on the home front were correspondingly increased. The author has not been able to trace in detail the measures taken by the War Department and its associated agencies in mobilizing the nation's resources in manpower and *matériel* (that would take twenty volumes), but his narrative is an excellent summary and enables the reader to obtain a graphic picture of the enormity of the problems involved and the extent to which they were eventually met.

Not only was the Secretary hampered by insufficient authority in the matter of preparations before and during the opening months of our participation in the war: he lacked also the power to bring about a satisfactory reorganization of departmental boards and bureaus to meet increased demands, and it was not until the passage of the Overman Act in May, 1918, that the necessary authority was given. Part of the difficulties encountered in the War Industries and Aircraft Boards, both of which were subjected to severe criticisms, was due to legal restrictions which prevented the concentration of authority needed for efficient management and direction. Colonel Palmer shows that once given the power, Baker was prompt and effective in bringing about changes that seemed desirable. Furthermore, he stood ready to back wholeheartedly those to whom authority was delegated. If criticisms were made, he himself shouldered the responsibility, cheerily observing "that's what a Secretary is for."

That many mistakes were made in 1917-18, some of them serious, Baker has often readily admitted, but the colossal bungling of departmental affairs by Secretary Cameron in 1861 had no counterpart in 1917, and the use of the draft from the outset, the absence of politics in the selection and promotion of officers and the consistent support accorded General Pershing stand out in striking contrast to our Civil War experiences. No commander in our history has been more fortunate in the steadfast support given him than Pershing. When he left for France, Baker recalls: "I said in substance to General Pershing . . . that I knew the impossibility of any military direction from Washington to the commander in the field, and that I would therefore give him only two orders, one to go to France and the other to come home, but that in the meantime his authority in France would be supreme. . . ."

In the selection of divisional commanders for overseas service Pershing's judgment was accepted without question. No commanding officer accompanied a division to France who did not receive in advance the approval of the general and none was retained there against his wishes. On one occasion Baker assured him that he was willing to "go any limit" to obtain the best officers for leadership in the expeditionary forces. The author has produced additional material on the Wood controversy and shows conclusively that the decision to keep General Wood at home was in accordance with Pershing's expressed desire. The one appeal for authority which Baker denied the general was a request for more power in the enforcement of the death penalty than the 48th Article of War prescribed.

Considerable attention is given by Colonel Palmer to the manifold and necessarily changing requisitions of General Pershing and the difficulties that they sometimes involved. It appears that departmental agencies frequently could not be sure but that before one set of requisitions was filled another would come calling for radical modifications or entirely different equipment. The same was true of the calls for additional troops for overseas service. Absorbed and harassed with ever-pressing needs as he constantly was, it was natural that General Pershing should have been sorely disappointed when the authorities in Washington were unable to comply promptly and fully with his requests, but it is surprising to learn how often he overlooked the complications encountered in meeting his changing demands. Even if all of them could have been filled immediately at home, department investigations disclosed that sufficient shipping could not have been found nor were the port facilities adequate to care for them on arrival in France, considerations which, the records show, the general refused to recognize. As late as October, 1918, Pershing continued to insist upon the necessity of sending the equivalent of one hundred divisions (nearly five million men) by July 1, 1919, although he had been previously informed by Baker and General March, the Chief of the Staff, that no more than eighty divisions (about 3,700,000 men) could be forwarded by that date. However great and changing the general's demands were, the Secretary never complained, but March was sometimes caustic in his dispatches to Pershing. Baker seems to have had inexhaustible patience with everyone connected with the war work.

Although the biographical aspect is subordinated to administrative problems in these volumes, it is deftly woven through them. Indeed, it is difficult to see how one could turn from a reading of them without being deeply impressed with the character and personality of Secretary Baker and with the extraordinary measure of success he achieved during his tenure in office. Although he lacked some of the qualities that made McAdoo, Lane, and Houston loom large in the popular imagination of the time, he was second to none of his associates in statesmanlike gifts and solid accomplishments. It may well be that history will rank him as one of the greatest administrators that the war produced.

Perhaps in no respect was Baker more successful than in his dealings with men. He seems to have had to a rare degree the ability to inspire confidence and teamwork. With all of his subordinates and Cabinet colleagues he maintained the most agreeable official and personal relations at a time when nerves were overwrought and matters of priority and jurisdiction might easily have led to controversy. His liberalism and moderateness won him the coöperation of labor leaders, and his handling of such diverse matters as soldiers' conduct and conscientious objection to military service was always sane and reasonable. In his contacts with committees of Congress and with individual members Baker seems to have been hardly less effective. No matter how exasperating some of their proposals and objections might be, or however unjustified their criticisms might seem, he credited them with the same honesty of purpose that he claimed for himself and relied upon persuasive reasoning to win them to his measures. His extended explanation before the Senate Military Affairs Committee on January 28, 1918 of the War Department's work was, as Colonel Palmer observes, "one of the most dramatic and enlightening occasions in parliamentary history." Undoubtedly it went far to put an end to the talk of a coalition cabinet.

It has sometimes been remarked that Baker was more like President Wilson in intellect and philosophy than any other member of the administration. The present volumes indicate that to a marked extent this is true; unquestionably it goes far to explain the close coöperation and mutual understanding that characterized their association in Washington. Colonel Palmer shows that they were in complete accord in matters of administrative policy, shared a common idealism, and gave to each other unswerving loyalty. There never was any danger of a rift between them.

Colonel Palmer has written with sympathy of Baker's administration of the War Department, but it is sympathy based upon research and understanding, rather than mere prejudice. Many of his statements are based upon personal observations as a war correspondent, but in the main he has relied upon documentary evidence. In addition to the Baker correspondence he has had access to the confidential cablegrams between the War Department and the headquarters in France and other first-hand data. Also he has consulted with many who were active in the department during the war years. His account deserves a wide reading for there is not a dull page in it and the materials he presents make it one of the most important and illuminating war books that has yet appeared.

Terque Beati

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disappeared in its phrasing. Not Shakespeare himself is further away from our heavy-handed frankness, our scientific cynicism, our discomfort in the presence of a playful intellect. We readers of English have passed through Tennyson, Kipling, Meredith, Henry James, Shaw, H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Virginia Woolf, Robinson Jeffers, and perhaps e. e. cummings. That is education in literature and an experience of the possibilities of history! No wonder our standards are shaky, our taste variable, our craving for novelty insistent, and the differences in opinion between young and old almost irreconcilable.

No one, we think, would argue that the condensed time which we have been experiencing is a happy medium for creation. Great states and great literatures are both less likely to be created than to be smashed in such a period of acceleration. Creation comes in the pause after stress —or at least has come in the past, and may again. This of course is pure theory; when we are changing so fast we may change also the conditions in which art arises. But either way, the individual has compensations. He has been living hard, he himself has been the rapid and tense experience out of which literature is made. He has known at first hand more varieties of intellectual, moral, and esthetic experience than the Victorians and the Augustans read about. If length and breadth of experience make for wisdom we should all of us be wiser than our fathers and grandfathers. But unfortunately there is a third dimension, depth, of very considerable importance. All that can be argued is that ten years of the twentieth century has been equal in terms of sheer experience to fifty years of Tennyson's Europe and a cycle of his Cathay.

Petrarch's Sonnets

The first of these poems is by Joseph Auslander in celebration of the great poet whose sonnets he has translated. The two sonnets following are the famous VII and CII by Petrarch, translated by Mr. Auslander. They are to appear with the remainder of the sonnets in a volume shortly to be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS is a legend pressed between the pages
Yellow and fragrant with six hundred years
Of dust, a legend bright with blood and tears,
The loveliest rose blown through the wandering ages,
A torch to saints, a testament to sages,
And for Love's eyes a planet, for Love's ears
A trumpet more sonorous than the spheres,
A music neither Death nor Time outrages.
Still glitters Laura's forehead with your phrases—
The garland no rain rusts, no weather curses,
The purple altar that the poet raises,
The fog his flashing clarion disperses;
Those eyes burn, that proud hair flames in your praises,
That green robe sprinkles violets through your verses.

VII

WHEREIN HE EXHORTS A FRIEND TO PERSEVERE IN THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS AND PHILOSOPHY

La gola e 'l sonno e l'ozioso piume

FINE food and sleep and feathered indolence,
Have driven each virtue from the world away,
Till nature from her course is led astray,
Cast down by custom from her eminence;
The lights of heaven are wholly scattered hence,
Which pointed man through darkness and dismay,
So that amazement and contempt repay
Those who at Helicon drink eloquence.
"Whom now can laurel or the myrtle lure?
Let shame and hunger stalk Philosophy!"
Thus cries the herd on vulgar winnings bent.
What matters it how few will walk with thee,
O gentle spirit! Be the more intent
That the superb adventure shall endure!

CII

WHEREIN HE TELLS THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

S' Amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' io sento?

IF this should not be Love, O God, what shakes me?
If Love it is, what strange, what rich delight!
If Love be kind, why has it fangs to bite?
If cruel, why so sweet the barb that rakes me?
If Love I crave, why this lament that breaks me?
If not, what tears or sighs can mend my plight?
O Death in Life, dear pain, where lies thy might
If I refuse the doom that overtakes me?
If I consent, without a cause I grieve:
So in a tempest do my fortunes heave,
By winds contrary and by waters tost;
So, in a stupor, like a blind man lost
In mischievous error, lured from doubt to doubt,
June freezes, January thaws me out.

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The BOWLING GREEN

El Dorado

THE Bowling Green has always been partial to Treasure Hunts, therefore we are happy to print the following fully authentic letter and can put any interested clients in touch with the planner of the expedition—whose telephone number, we are delighted to note, is on the El Dorado exchange.

Dear Sir:

Mr. ——— suggested you might be interested in a treasure-seeking expedition to Cocos Island which I am undertaking in concert with my son and several of his adventurous friends. I am giving you separately a summary of the circumstances which excite the enterprise—now hanging fire for want of a small further sum (about $2000) to put it through. My son, who has spent half his life at sea, and has done the figuring, estimates the need at about two thousand (as see from the enclosed letter). He has already thoroughly prospected the island and came upon a cache there of $6000 in bullion, which had to do not with the Lima treasure but was an early piratical one. He is to command the schooner, which is now in Nova Scotian waters, and the urgency is to have it down and everything underway before the cold weather comes on. What gives a bit of drama to the affair is that two other expeditions are preparing to compete in the treasure-hunting. One starts from England, headed by Captain Malcolm Campbell, the well-known sportsman, and the other, commanded by Lieut-Colonel J. E. Leckie, from Vancouver. We are however not daunted by competitors, and the Island, though small, is large enough to accommodate all the parties. (It is an idea of a friend of mine that the Island might be turned into a pleasure resort or even be made an independency—in which case I should be happy to propose your name as President). Some one might occur to you who would be willing to make the gamble. If he would like to follow his dollars down to the scene of operation there would be a welcome place for him on the schooner . . . though it would mean roughing it. With civilization so sicklied o'er with difficulties and depressions, there should be, it seems to me, more than one wearied Wall Street loser who would be glad enough to forget the Exchange tape in a trip the objective hazards of which are after all hardly wilder than many a speculation in stocks. Or take some one of the philanthropic turn. Let him back the enterprise with a view of distributing his share of the millions among the hungry occupants of our city park benches. If you want assurances of the soundness of this Cocos Island proposition call up Mr. ——— of the Syndicate, a level-headed individual, who has finely sifted the facts of the Lima booty in his book "Doubloons" (confirming all that we have independently delved for in documents). I am giving you in the summary herewith only the most essential statements . . . the full details are at your service if you want them.

The object of the expedition is to locate the vast treasure, both State and Cathedral, which was moved by the Peruvian authorities from Lima in the war of 1842 on the near approach of the Bolivian troops. The treasure of the Cathedral alone was estimated to be $60,000,000, and included two lifesize statues of the Virgin in solid gold, gold candelabra of gigantic-size and 273 jewelled swords. What was the amount of Government specie and bullion is only known to have been very great.

The sailing vessel, *Mary Dear*, lying in Callao Harbour at the time and commanded by a Captain Thompson, was chosen from necessity to transport this treasure to a haven still under Spanish dominion. Captain Thompson however has other ideas as to its ultimate destination and, after making for sea, altered his course to Cocos Island, caching the treasure there until such time as official search for it would cease.

Soon after the *Mary Dear* was captured by H. M. S. *Espiegle* and all hands put to death with the exception of Thompson and one member of the crew. These two were spared on a promise to lead their captors to the loot. On reaching Cocos the two prisoners escaped, remaining on the island until taken off by a whaler. Thompson's confederate shortly afterwards died. Thompson eventually reached civilization. On his death, in 1844, he left a chart and full details of the hidden treasure to Captain Keating, a Newfoundlander. Keating, in company of a fellow adventurer, Bogue, made the trip to the island and by following the directions of the chart found the treasure. Not wishing to share it he killed Bogue and after several months on the island was rescued by a whaler and returned to Newfoundland with $15,000, all he could secrete on his person. Circumstances prevented his return to Cocos to secure the remainder of the loot. He fell on evil times and was supported by a master mariner, Nicholas Fitzgerald, until about 1870, when he died. Fitzgerald became heir to the documents but did not avail himself of them. On his death he left the papers to Commodore Curzon-Howe, an English officer, who had saved him from drowning. Captain Shrapnel, of H. M. S. *Haughty*, on information received from Curzon-Howe, in 1896, made an attempt to get the treasure but was recalled by his government before succeeding in the quest. Since then other attempts have been made, including a late expedition headed by Captain Malcolm Campbell, who came into possession of the documents in 1925. It is known from Captain Campbell that his search was abandoned from necessity when he believed himself on the eve of success.

What is stated will show that the treasure in all probability still exists. Can it be found? The leader of this proposed expedition believes so, from observations made on the spot, and certain deductions of his own. He is convinced that the failure of previous expeditions was chiefly due to lack of perseverance. As Campbell confessed, his party was all too ready to give up at first sign of a setback. The basic cause of all the failures, however, was inadequate preparation. We do not expect to go ashore one day and return aboard the next with the fortune in our grasp. Should our theory prove otherwise we go fully prepared and pledged to conquer, however long and arduous the effort may be.

ROSE STREET

We are justly reproached by several correspondents for having forgotten that Rose Street is one of those unobtrusive byways beneath the approach of the Brooklyn Bridge. And they are quite right in suggesting that now is the best time of year for a stroll across the old span. Also across the new one at 178th Street.

SIR: "Where is Rose Street?" you say. Under that best of all our glorious bridges, Brooklyn Bridge. Have you ever walked it on a day like today? One of the reasons for the existence of Brooklyn is to hold one end of that handsome span. It is unlike all others in our city because its wooden footwalk springs and sways under even my 120 pounds.

To visitors from foreign countries I show only four things in Brooklyn: the view of the harbor from the Bossert roof; Brooklyn Museum against an October sunset; Brooklyn Bridge at any hour; and Montague Terrace. Perhaps Shore Road will be included if I can find a gasoline company which is giving away Fords.

G. R. D.

SIR:—Fie on you for the phrase in the current "Bowling Green" "Where is Rose Street?". In your meanderings through lower New York with Endymion in the happy days on The Post, did you not wander through those crooked, short caverns which arch themselves under the Brooklyn Bridge? Here, at number 57, still doing business, is the Ogilvie Publishing Company, which introduced many foreign authors to America some moons ago. A stone's throw away on Vandewater Street, Munro published the yellow paper-backed Seaside Library, which included Hardy's "Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid"—publication date July 14th, 1883. Come down some day, and I'll show you where this street is still doing business at the old stand.

AARON MENDOZA.

SIR:—Among the epoch making books published in 1912 (July) was a pamphlet got up like a legal brief and paid for by the author's first fee, and printed by himself, and called *The Shifting of Literary Values*. It was the first application of the theory of relativity to aesthetic values and attacked standards of absolute, whether of truth, beauty, duty. It was a manifesto of modernism in literary criticism and attacked some classics. It anticipated the work of many so-called modern critics. It brought letters from George Brandes, Galsworthy, Bennett, etc.

ALBERT MORDELL.

CROTTY'S

SIR:—Your fond recollections of Frank Shay's place prompt me to inquire whether you or any of your clients who infest or "make," as the travelling men have it, the city of Lansing, Mich., have anything to report on Crotty's bookshop which is, or at least was, the chief ornament of that town.

Crotty's was not a "shoppe." It had no atmosphere to speak of. Outside it one of those sheet-iron signs with letters in glass macaroni said "Crotty . . . Books," *tout court*. Inside, you found yourself in a wide aisle between stationery and greeting cards to the right, and books to the left. And they were books! You could walk in there any time and pick up a first printing of whatever you'd neglected to buy in the last two or three years. And if, in the course of a series of Pullman jumps, you conceived a hankering to beguile the roaring night with some more ancient favorite, you could be practically certain of getting it, once you reached Lansing.

The chief attraction of the place, however, was Mr. Crotty himself. He was (and is, I trust) a smallish gentleman, thin and gray and bald. He had been a boy in Boston—a bookseller's clerk in the golden age when Emerson and James Lowell and Dr. Holmes walked the streets, and Longfellow would come, like some tall ship with sails of black and white, into the bookshops of Cornhill. Even a junior clerk might sometimes wait on and talk with them as he fumbled, blushing with pleasure, over the paper and twine about some hardly-noticed volume.

It was Mr. Crotty's custom to rise at 4:30 or thereabout, to go down to his shop, light a lamp in the rear room, and read until eight when he would open up for the convenience, the entertainment, and the instruction of his customers. If he liked you (and I think he liked nearly everybody) he would talk for hours of books and men. Now and then, *à propos* of whatever you might be discussing, he would be reminded of some book on a high and far-off shelf which you really ought to read, and it was worth ten times the price of those books (which invariably *were* good reading) to see the infinite tact with which he pressed them upon you until the very minute when you had to run for a train. I can well imagine that many a Michigander with no train to run for may have acquired a very respectable library, painlessly, in talk with Mr. Crotty.

I wonder if he is still ministering to the people of Michigan, or whether, perchance, he has retired to catch up on his reading and to finger over again the words that dropped out of so many famous beards in the days when Boston was the Hub.

BOB LEAVITT.

The fact that Mr. W. S. Hall, heraldic expert, is at work on a symbolic escutcheon for the *Saturday Review* reminds me with pleasure of the fact that King Charles the First granted to an ancestor of our Editor the right to bear a coat of arms. The ancestor in question was Edward Canby, a forester at Hatfield Chace, in Yorkshire, who guided the fleeing king through the wild underbrush. This delights me, for even so, through the thorny scrub of literature does Mr. Canby guide his confiding readers. He has never done it better than in his latest book, *Classic Americans*. Particularly I liked his chapter on Walt Whitman, in which he says, "Whitman remembered things impossible for us, impossible but intelligible, and which will become unintelligible at our peril."

There are many of them; but one of the cleverest and most decorative—"engraved with humble apologies to that Master Engraver John Held Jr."—is certainly the jovial little menu card published at 50 cents by the Colonial Sales Corporation at 11 West 42 Street, New York City. I dislike to seem so mysterious, but what a Greeting Card for the early winter twilights. It is available, I believe, in bookshops. This is a Tip to the Trade.

I keep in the Bowling Green files, for future reference, the name of R. S., a schoolboy who visited this office. He gave two supreme answers to two very difficult questions. He was asked who was his favorite author, and replied "Chaucer." He was asked "What are you going to be when you grow up?" and replied, "A retired business man."

Once upon a time I ventured the statement that I did not think *American Farmer, American Trader, American Banker*, etc., were very appealing names for ships. I suggested, naively I fear, that those baptisms seemed lacking in romance and sea-flavor. But now, with equal naïveté, I feel that the *American Farmer* has redeemed herself. She has just brought from London volumes 5 and 6 of the Geoffrey Keynes edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works (only 400 sets allotted to America), for which the subscribers have been impatiently waiting. Perhaps some student of the wise physician will suggest just how Sir Thomas would have commented on this.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Noxious Insects

THE INSECT MENACE. By L. O. HOWARD. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by B. W. KUNKEL

NO man in the United States, and possibly in the world, has been more intimately concerned with the struggle of man against the insects than Doctor Howard who for many years was Chief Entomologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. While the author is in no sense an alarmist, he is fully aware of the enormous toll which insects exact of the human race and of their ability, unless constantly opposed, to overwhelm mankind.

The menace of the insects is pressing for several reasons which are not only inherent in the nature of the insects themselves but are also the result of man's own intelligence and culture. It remains for man to apply his intelligence constantly if he would secure his ultimate victory. The insects as a group originated geologically so much earlier than man that they have become adapted to a greater variety of living conditions: their small size enables them to find shelter and food in a vast number of places from which larger animals are excluded: their external skeletons give them certain advantages in rapid locomotion which the vertebrates with internal skeletons do not possess; and their marvellous powers of reproduction are at times terrifying—some parasites produce several thousands of young from a single egg.

Man's own activities in his more advanced stages have aided many insects in their struggle for existence. His planting of large areas continuously with a single species has been an invitation to the insects feeding thereon to be more fruitful and to multiply and his more rapid means of locomotion and wider range of activities have vastly increased the means of dispersal of insects.

Alarming as is the increase of noxious insects, it seems entirely within the grasp of science to control them. The control of mosquitoes and house flies are cases in point. The most important methods of combatting the insects are, first, the practice of cultivating crops, so far as possible, without affording opportunity for insects to breed. The corn-borer, for example, would not be the menace it is if the farmer did not leave his corn stalks standing through the winter. The cotton-boll weevil could be practically eliminated by the planting of varieties of cotton which mature early, or by forcing the crop and destroying the stalks before the end of October. A second and very important means of control is by the cultivation of parasites which are the natural enemies of the noxious forms, and finally there is the poisoning and trapping of insects over extensive areas.

The most hopeful sign that the insect menace will eventually disappear is the increasing readiness of people generally to lend their aid in the warfare and the increasing willingness of legislative bodies to appropriate funds for this purpose and to enact legislation which brings human action into line with the conclusions of the entomologists.

Lord Birkenhead has been working on the Life of his father, the first Earl, for the last six months.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOUR books of verse by A. P. Herbert have been put together in one stout volume under the title *Ballads for Broadbrows*, which is published by Doubleday, Doran. The same firm at the same time brings out a light opera in three acts, *Tantivy Towers*, to which Herbert wrote the words and Thomas F. Dunhill composed the music. Nigel Playfair produced this last January at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, and it is not surprising to find Herbert's omnibus volume of verse dedicated to Playfair. One of the most enjoyable evenings I ever spent in London was while witnessing *Riverside Nights*, a *revue* in which Herbert and Playfair collaborated. In fact, here, in the volume before us, are songs of several of the numbers. For Herbert excels at the popular-ballad sort of thing. He leans, in fact, a bit too heavily upon refrains. *Tantivy Towers* contains a few of the lyrics also found in *Ballads for Broadbrows*. It is good fluffy opera. It is miles removed from William Schwenck Gilbert, while the "Ballads for Broadbrows" remind me rather of a Thomas Hood brought down to date. Though Herbert is beyond question a clever workman, he seems also to possess a certain fatal facility that was likewise Hood's. At the beginning of a session with Herbert's verse, one is led to exclaim, "Gilbert *redivivus!*" in a burst of enthusiasm, only to discover after reading a good deal more of it, that that paragon of all tuneful songsters still remains alone on his pinnacle. Not that Herbert is not highly enjoyable and a fertile producer of catchy lines with a true light operatic ring. Witness:

What DO the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table?
Though ribald laughter rings below,
The drawing-room is nice, we know.
While Mrs. Thompson, sucking sweets,
Is quoting little bits of KEATS,
Her husband tells, with vinous yells,
The stories of the stable,
And what I say is, What a shame!
And, what a sex! But all the same,
What DO the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table!

Another type of thing that Herbert does excellently is the conversation between two women of the world, of the kind who often repair to pubs for a sip of beer or a nip of gin. All that is needed to make my enjoyment of such staves absolutely complete would be to hear Beatrice Lillie recite them.

"Well, Mrs. Rogers,
I hear you're taking lodgers—
And young enough, they say, to be your son.
Now Rogers is away, dear,
You're moping, I daresay, dear,
And company is pleasant if it's only just the one.

Straight to the heart goes, also, the *cri cri de coeur* of the maid-of-all-work, which begins:

I wish I hadn't broke that dish,
I wish I was a movie-star,
I wish a lot of things, I wish
That life was like the movies are;
I wish I wore a wicked hat,
I got the face for it, I know;
I'm tired of scrubbing floors an' that—
It may be life, but ain't it slow!

Needless to say, in reproducing a lingo of any kind, Mr. Herbert displays a most precise ear for the proper locutions. He draws as complete a picture with verse as does George Belcher with crayon. He knows his types. Also in the poem of light persiflage concerning the eternal theme of love Herbert is gallant and witty. And when, in "Tantivy Towers," he plays off Bohemian Chelsea against County customs and the chase of the fox, he takes full advantage of an excellent opportunity for satire on both sides. We hope Mr. Herbert will go on writing verse for years, not to forget the fact that he also writes most delightful essays and can turn his hand to distinctive novels. The world needs the swing and lilt and shrewd mockery of his work. May he also produce more *revues* and light operas. He is certainly the best man in England at the present time for that sort of thing. And it is anything but an easy "sort of thing" to do.

Bliss Carman's Poems have now been published by Dodd, Mead in one enormous red volume, but Lorne Pierce, editor of the Ryerson Press in the Wesley Building, Toronto, sends me, privately printed and paper-bound, *The Music of Earth*, with foreword and notes by himself. In the former he tells us that Carman's first known poem was written in 1875. Though he died but recently, he actually belonged to a much older generation than it seemed could be true when one met him on the street in New Canaan, Connecticut, tall and rangy and brown, with a certain look of youth about him in spite of his obvious years—a look that most real poets contrive to keep.

Carman was a real poet. If he spent many years in what seemed to me a milder and milder repetition of the rhythms he used earlier, if the too-abundant production of poetry in youth caused the well to run pretty dry thereafter, he nevertheless followed his chosen vocation with artistic integrity according to his own standards. As I turn over his pages today, there seems to me no doubt that much of his work was too facile. But he was a natural singer and a man of large, simple heart. He was a good balladist. His friendship with Richard Hovey seemed to me to influence him to produce more individualized work than the product of his later years. Much of this work "dates," as they say, but we sometimes fail to realize that Carman sang before the positive spate of pagan love lyrics and wander-songs descended upon America with the new century. Since the following was penned there have been many, many magazine poems written expressing a quite similar mood, and yet Carman's words stand and may stand for a long time by virtue of their effortless felicity:

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

And with the same touch he could write later,

Once more to the frost-bound valley
Comes April with rain in her jar;
I can hear the vesper sparrow
Under the silver star.

I doubt whether Carman knew what the modern movements in poetry meant, or, if he knew, cared much. He was the lyricist whose simple business was to sing. And at his best I venture to say that he belonged in noble company. The twenty-four line "Why" can stand with the best of Verlaine. Which makes it especially strange that it is not to be found in Mr. Pierce's apparently carefully chosen selections. But I cannot honestly say that I find the selected volume quite what one would have wished. I think a small book could be made of Carman's best things that would "look Time's leaguer down" for some while at least. This is not it. But in the large volume it has been a pleasure to reacquaint one's self with a number of poems that still preserve their freshness and gusto. Carman was a lover of the sea, the highway, the changing seasons, and man in good-fellowship. A Canadian, who sang the natural magic of that country, he came to cherish our own New England as another home. He wrote voluminously. But it is given to few poets to have more than the veriest tithe of all their work really survive. Carman's heart often overruled his head in judging his work. Often he could have made it more forcefully compact. Even his ballads are frequently not close enough knit, strong enough in fibre. But the eeriness he could infuse into an occasional set of verses was his own peculiar gift, and he wrote with genuine enthusiasm of the beauty of nature.

Pooh, Mr. Poe!

We're sorry to cast your own poetic words in your teeth, but we're wondering what your dank opinion of October is based on. The skies they are ashen and sober, are they? The leaves they are crispèd and sere, huh? October's a lousy month, is it? No, no, Mr. Poe, you have made a *pas faux*. For us at least, this October is the dandiest month that ever happened. (In cold figures, as of the 15th, we're $21,000 ahead of our *total* sales of our biggest month heretofore.) *Everything's* selling — even so esoteric a tome as *Hero-Myths and Legends of the British Race*. Yes, we're delighted with October—and if sales are any indication, so are the insistent readers of

RED-HEADED WOMAN
By Katharine Brush (2nd week, 40 thousand)

SKYSCRAPER
By Faith Baldwin (3rd week, 20 thousand)

TWO BLACK SHEEP
By Harry Leon Wilson (1st week, 15 thousand)

LOVE WITHOUT MONEY
By Floyd Dell (1st week, 10 thousand)

THE WET PARADE
By Upton Sinclair (5th week, 15 thousand)

CITY CHILD
By Selma Robinson (2nd week, 5 thousand)

Proving again that there are no bad times for good books. Sorry, Sir, but your remarks on October go overboard as Poe white trash.

Faithfully yours,
FARRAR & RINEHART
9 East 41st Street, N. Y.

EUGÈNE DABIT

What André Maurois said of *Hotel du Nord* ("a book that has grandeur"), is still true. It is not just one more book of a familiar genre in which a hotel gives an excuse for gathering together a group of essentially unrelated character sketches and labeling the result, a novel. The people at the Hotel du Nord are "conventional," claims one reviewer. To be sure they are. Whom else would you expect to find living in a little run down hotel on the banks of a canal in Paris, but a penniless artist, a prostitute or two, a perfumed youth, two old maid sisters, a pregnant girl, a tubercular, and a sprinkling of alcoholics. Conventional, perhaps, but very real. And in agreement with the above, *The N. Y. Herald Tribune* remarks of M. Dabit and this book, which incidentally won the Prix du Roman Populiste with its 5000-franc cup, "To some the author gives bravado; to others, stoicism; to a few despair. All of them are little silhouettes which he cuts from the stuff of life to illustrate its seamy side. The book has a light, syncopated cadence which, for some reason, heightens the tragic implication. It neither smudges nor yet varnishes its reality. It gives you a bare-faced simple truth."

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Thames Williamson, author of "Hunky"

"Those who know Thames Williamson's fine novel *Hunky* will not want to miss this sequel, which tells another engrossing story and contains the same inimitable sympathetic humor. And those who read *The Earth Told Me* need not be reminded that Mr. Williamson stands unrivaled in his field, historian of the thoughts and emotions of the primitive mind."—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

"I know of no contemporary American capable of conceiving and executing Mr. Williamson's life-size portrait of Jencic, who is of the stature of Hamsun's Isaak in *Growth of the Soil* and of McTeague. If *In Krusack's House* isn't as fine novel, then I don't know what a fine novel is. Mr. Williamson has made a real contribution to American letters—which can stand a few contributions."—W. R. BURNETT, SATURDAY REVIEW. $2.00

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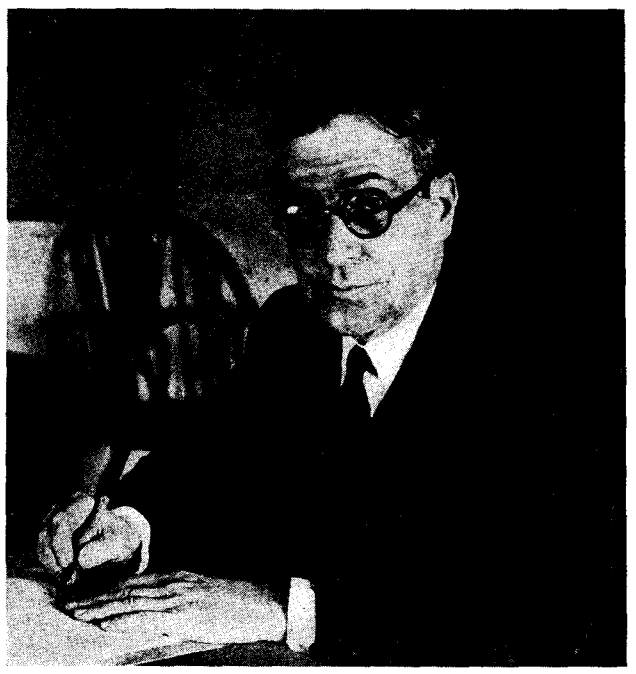

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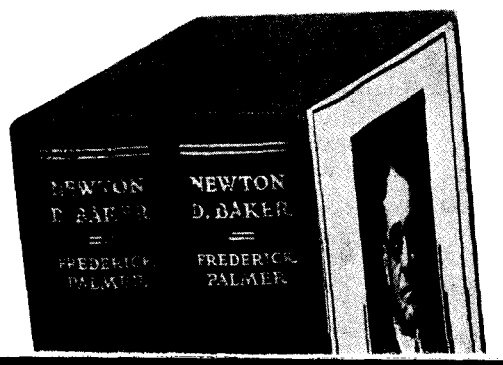

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Foreign Literature

Rainer Maria Rilke

BRIEFE AUS DEN JAHREN 1902-1906. By RAINER MARIA RILKE. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1931.

BRIEFE AUS DEN JAHREN 1906-1907. By RAINER MARIA RILKE. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1931.

RAINER MARIA RILKE: STIMMEN DER FREUNDE. Edited by GERT BUCHHEIT. Freiburg im Breisgau: Urban Verlag. 1931.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

WHEN the Austrian poet Rainer Maria Rilke, whose remarkable autobiographical story, "The Note-books of Malte Laudids Brigge," was issued in English not long ago, and whose "Duineser Elegien" are announced in an English translation—when this remarkable writer died in December, 1926, he left behind a very considerable body of correspondence, about two thousand letters, many of them of remarkable literary quality and high significance in relation to a study of the poet's mind and imaginative development. As he himself said in a posthumous note, since he had poured out a part of his nature in his letters, there was no reason why they should not be published. This heavy and responsible, but necessary and welcome task, has been undertaken by the poet's daughter and son-in-law, Ruth Sieber-Rilke and Carl Rilke, and the first two volumes are now available.

The first volume covers the period of Rilke's contact with the sculptor Rodin, to whom he was secretary and on whose work he wrote an excellent appreciation. When the two met Rilke was twenty-seven, a thoughtful, emotional young man, weak in physique—he remained that until the end—deeply introspective and absorbed in the life of the spirit. Rodin was an entirely different type; he was a robust nature, he saw and understood the life of the senses. And the contact, as the editors admit in their preface, brought a good influence to bear on Rilke; he learnt to see "das offene Leben." In one of his own letters to the sculptor, Rilke himself has this significant passage:

> C'est le sort le plus traguique des jeunes gens, qui devinent qu'il sera impossible pour eux de vivre sans être poète ou peintre ou sculpteur, qu'ils ne trouvent le vrai conseil, tout enfoncés dans un abîme de délaissement; car en cherchant un maître puissant, il ne cherchent ni paroles, ni renseignements: ils demandent un exemple, un coeur ardent, des mains qui font de la grandeur. C'est vous qu'ils demandent.

But with the passage of time two such different temperaments could not accord completely with each other. The full story of the parting between Rodin and Rilke is not told here; it is to be found in a separate volume of letters and in pages of the poet Lou Andreas-Salomé's book on Rilke. But here we can glimpse the poet's irritation, or that is perhaps too harsh a word; it was the feeling of vague opposition to a genius which, he felt, imposed itself too much on him, fettered his originality. The parting letter, printed in this volume, strikes—after a generous appreciation—the note of emancipation:

> Je ne vous verrai plus—mais, comme pour les apôtres qui restaient attristés et seuls, la vie commence pour moi, la vie qui celébrera votre haute exemple et qui trouvera en vous sa consolation, son droit, et sa force. Nous étions d'accord que dans la vie il y a une justice immanente, qui s'accomplit lentement mais sans défaute. C'est dans cette justice que je mets tout mon espoir; elle corrigera un jour le tort que vous avez voulu imposer à celui qui n'a plus de moyen ni de droit de vous montrer son coeur.

Yes, it is Auguste Rodin and Rainer Maria Rilke who are the principal actors in this poignant little drama outlined in this first volume of the poet's letters. The second volume, which covers the years 1906 and 1907, is broader in its interests. Rilke has also widened the circle of his friends and correspondents, and in this volume we meet with such figures as Emile Verhaeren, Ellen Key, Stefan Zweig, and Lou Andreas Salomé—the last of whom, as we have mentioned, maintained her friendship with the poet to the end and produced an excellent book on him after his death. On the whole, however, it is still Clara Rilke to whom he writes his fullest and most penetrating criticism; and in these letters it is another great artist for whom the poet expresses his appreciation and, in appreciating, brings vividly before us. This is Cézanne, whom Rilke knew in Paris. There are in particular two letters in October, 1907, numbers 191 and 200, in which Rilke gives a remarkable word-picture of the painter and an explanation of his artistic development and significance. He describes his passion for work, his simplicity, and even some of his technical procedure—and all from the point of view of an artist in words who knew very little about art in other media, but is for that reason all the more appealing to the general reader. Other interesting touches in these letters refer to Rilke's lifelong attraction towards Russia, and from one letter here, written from Capri, it appears that he was on that island at the same time as Maxim Gorki, but did not meet him, one may presume because, as he suggested, Gorki was too much the "Westler," the genuine Russian in him ruined by his fame in the West and his adherence to international Socialism.

The volume of "Stimmen der Freunde" on Rainer Maria Rilke is more than a series of pious appreciations. It shows what a wide circle of friends Rilke possessed among intellectuals, not only in Germany, and several of the chapters are real aids to critical appreciation of various sides of the poet's genius. Thus Paul Leppin discusses Rilke's relation to his native Prague and the Slav element in his nature; Hermann Blech discusses the same subject with more particular reference to Rilke's relations with Russia, his visit to which marked an important epoch in his work. Otto Heuschele contributes appreciation of Rilke as a letter-writer, and a detailed study in one of Rilke's most important collections of verse, his "Duineser Elegien." These were written near Duine, on the Adriatic coast near Trieste, and it is of particular interest to read Gert Buchheit's study of the landscape of that region, now associated for all time, we believe, with one of the most important volumes of modern German poetry. The final essay in the volume is Paul Valéry's personal tribute, a reminder of the fact that Rilke not only knew and loved France, even wrote not a little French verse, but has received more appreciation in France than any other German poet for the past fifty years, or more.

Foreign Notes

Three more volumes of the *Histoire Générale*, edited by Professors Halphen and Sagnac (Paris: Alcan), have appeared. Vols. VII[1] and VII[2], treating of "The End of the Middle Ages," are written by Professors Halphen, Pirenne, and several others. Vol. XV, by Prof. George Weill, bears on The Awakening of Nationalities (1815-1868). Besides the reshaping of Europe after the Napoleonic wars, it contains chapters on the intellectual movement, the economic and social development, colonial expansion (England, France, Russia), and finally on the United States and South America. These three volumes (carrying to ten the number of tomes of a prospective twenty) display the qualities of thoroughness and accuracy, clearness and compactness that recommend the whole series.

These important foreign books in the field of political and military history and biography have been recently published:

"DENKWÜRDIGKEITEN ZUR REICHSKANZLERZEIT." By FÜRST CHLODWIG ZU HOHENLOHE. Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1931.

The third volume of Hohenlohe's Memoirs (postponed 25 years) deals with his time as Chancellor, 1894-1900. More of a contribution in some ways than the Bülow Memoirs, as it is entirely of genuine and unretouched material (but no breezy narrative). The first two volumes were published by Macmillan in 1906.

"LE MINISTÈRE CLÉMENCEAU." By GÉNÉRAL MORDACQI. Paris: Plon. 2 vols. 1931.

Diary of Mordacqi who was Clémenceau's Chef du Cabinet militaire and dealt with all military matters. Apparently a first-rate contribution, much more important than Clémenceau's own memoirs.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE PETLANDS. By NARD JONES. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.

The growth of a Western city from muddy paths and false-front shacks to a metropolis of monolithic skyscrapers and chain stores offers ample scope for colorful, vibrant story-telling. When that city is Seattle, the point of departure for Klondike gold fields, and the principal characters are three generations of adventurers, the stage is set for a full-bodied saga. Unfortunately, by the time Mr. Jones gets his tale in black and white the effervescence and reality have vanished. Son, father, and grandfather Petland are cardboard figures speaking with the naturalness of a ventriloquist's dummy.

To be precise, the Petlands were not pioneers. Grandfather Robert went to Seattle and from there to Alaska by train and steamer. He returned with a small fortune, gained not by striking it rich on some snow-clad waste, but from an unromantic machine shop where he sold a device to thaw the ground for gold miners. He invested in Seattle realty and waited for the city to grow. His son Nort became a professional gambler, owner of a string of card rooms in Seattle's wild young days. When reform put a stop to that, he built a hotel, and later went into the wholesale grocery business. Meantime, Bobbie, his son, was growing up; growing older to develop artistic ambitions, to flounder around with the wrong girl, and finally to marry the right one. The curtain falls on his resolve to enter the grocery business with his father and to fight the chain stores.

Quite evidently, the author has endeavored to write something comparable to Edna Ferber's "Cimmaron." In none of his episodes, however, has he succeeded in conveying the staccato action, the upward rush of an empire in the building. He has, unintentionally, removed the glamor from a stirring place and period.

STRANGE BROTHER. By BLAIR NILES. Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

This is less a novel than a piece of special pleading. Mrs. Niles asks us to cultivate compassion and understanding in our attitude towards all those strange brothers—the men who in spite of themselves are drawn emotionally to their own rather than the opposite sex. Mark Thornton, the central figure in the narrative, is a well educated, intelligent young man who, for most of the book, is able to conceal his innate sexual antipathy to women under a disguise of normality. Mrs. Niles follows his thoughts and emotions, giving us thereby a full exposition of the life that such a person might lead today in New York, or, for that matter, in any sizable American city. Not only is Mark Thornton painstakingly explained—almost diagrammed—but other, less inconspicuous, types of homosexuality are brought to our notice. As a result, a panorama of abnormality is unrolled with the utmost tolerance and sympathy, though never with approval.

Such subject matter is, even today, on the borderland of the unmentionable, and it partakes inevitably of the bizarre and the sensational. We are, therefore, often confused in our judgment of the merits of the novel by the (in this day and age) faintly disreputable exoticism of the novel. When the book settles itself in our minds, however, there is a definite critical residuum; a weak narrative, structurally unsatisfying, manipulated to the necessities of the all-important didactism; for this narrative, a background of some distinction—Harlem, the lower East Side, New York here and there—wherein Mrs. Niles shows most clearly her very real talent for lively and atmospheric description; and, over all, her statement, "Look—these are our strange brothers," and her plea, "Be kind and understanding to them, for their sorrow is great." Altogether, "Strange Brother" is interesting and informative, though not particularly meritorious as a novel.

MOONBLIND. By *Theodore Wilde*. New York: Rudolph Field, 128 Lexington Avenue.

THE COUNTRY CHILD. By *Alison Uttley*. Macmillan. $2.

WOMEN FOR SALE. By *Chile Acuna*. New York: William Godwin. $2.

THE LONE STAR OF COURAGE. By *George L. Knapp*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

LOVE AMONG THE CAPE-ENDERS. By *Harry Kemp*. Macaulay. $2.50.

Religion

THE TRIAL OF JESUS OF NAZARETH. By MAX RADIN. University of Chicago Press. 1931. $3.

In this book, Max Radin, professor of law in the University of California, has attempted an interesting task. He has undertaken an impartial examination of the evidence offered in the Four Gospels concerning the arrest, trial, and execution of Jesus, in the light of all that is known about the Jewish and Roman legal customs of the period. The most interesting result of his labors is their independent corroboration of the generally accepted conclusions of Higher Criticism. Thus of the four witnesses he finds Mark entitled to the greatest credence, Luke and Matthew less reliable, while the testimony of "John" is thrown out of court by its numerous errors and the writer's evident unfamiliarity with actual conditions in Judea. The story, given in Luke alone, of Pilate's sending Jesus to Herod for examination, Professor Radin is inclined to accept because of historical evidence indicating that Pilate, who had recently lost his political backers in Rome, had good reason to try to curry favor with Herod, his former enemy, just at that particular time. But all of the Gospels, even including that of Mark, offer a great deal of hearsay evidence for which the writers could have had no adequate substantiation. Rejecting such items, Professor Radin finds no entirely convincing proof of the accepted tradition that Caiaphas and the priestly party were insincere hypocrites twisting the law to suit their private ends. They may have been within their technical legal rights and no more villainous than those eager to sentence every "disturber of the public peace" today.

Travel

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK. By MAJOR C. COURT TREATT. Dutton. 1931.

If you have not read one of the recent books on African hunting and travel, you will probably say that this particular one is interesting and exciting. If you have read a number of such books, you will probably say that this one is just another book on Africa. Spearing lions has been so well written up that Major Treatt's rather jumbled account of a primitive elephant hunt seems flat. A good deal is known about the Shilluk people; and while Major Treatt's description of the Dinkas is interesting, it does not add a great deal to our knowledge of these Sudanese tribes. He does not know how to make the most of his material. In the hands of a more experienced writer, many of the episodes described in this book might make vivid reading. But English is a bit too much for the Major. Witness,

> Digging a hole three feet deep in the ground, we covered this with a dome-shaped structure of supple sticks placed close together; and this skeleton roof we then plastered with a first coating of mud.

This may seem mild, and it is compared to the following:

> Pitching my own bivouac on the only piece of ground standing a foot or so above the swamp, my wife took charge of the main camp some six miles further south and arranged with the Dinkas that they should cut the necessary poles from the forest, eight miles away, and bring them to the working party which was detailed to build the bridge under my supervision; and after innumerable delays this timber was collected and the poles, lashed together into tripods with bark rope, were carried into the river.

The pictures may be artistic, but, considering that Major Treatt is a specialist in animal photography, the selection is not a happy one.

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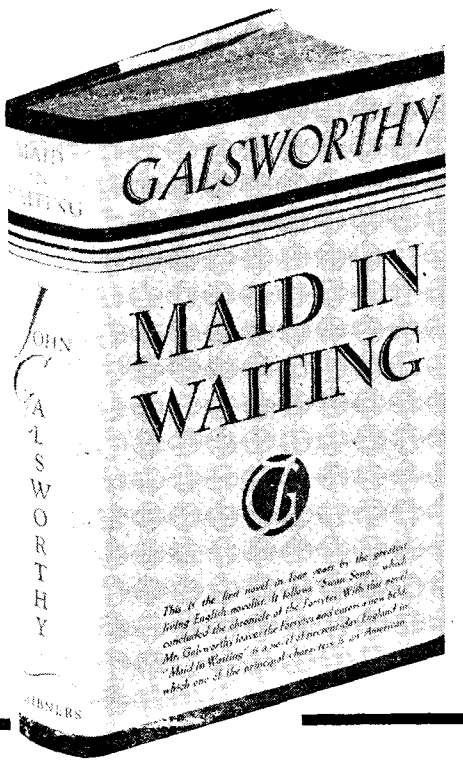

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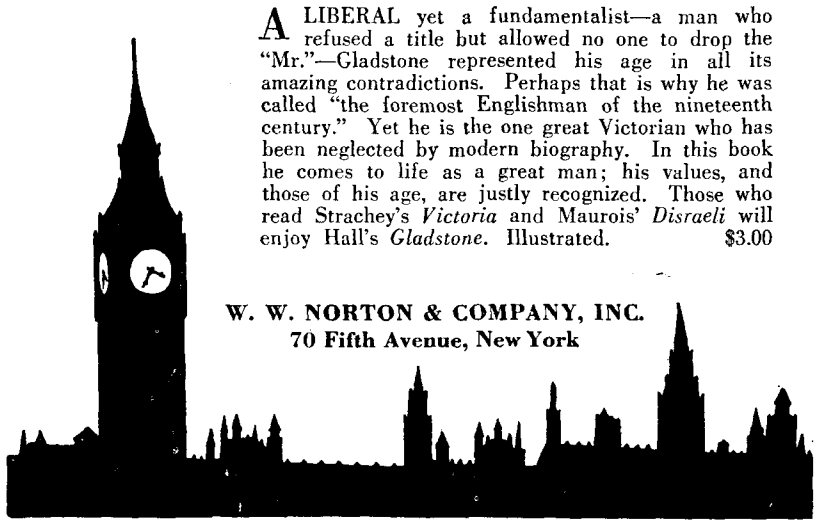
Professor of History, Princeton University



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Edison and Light

A BOY WITH EDISON. By WILLIAM A. SIMONDS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

MR. SIMONDS has a good story to tell — one that becomes thrilling as it nears its climax, the invention of the electric light. It is less the story of Francis Jehl, the "boy with Edison," than it is of Thomas Alva Edison himself, and less of Edison than it is of his work with the stubborn electric lamp. But it is a story of achievement and of inventive genius that will reach home to every boy reared in the American tradition of the glorification of success in the face of obstacles.

Francis Jehl appears as the New York office boy who attained his dream—a job in the Menlo Park laboratory in which Edison had already started work on the development of an electric light. He arrived there in the fall of 1878, and at once plunged into the Edison experiments as the youngest and least of the force of assistants the inventor was building up. The story tells of his part in the experiments—how he pounded lampblack in a mortar, turned the crank of a vacuum machine, ran errands, finally was present during the monumental days when Edison at last developed a successful filament for his lamp, lighted it with this strange new electric power — and kept it alight!

But the tale is very much more than the mere recounting of this fifteen-year-old boy's experiences. It is actually the story of the disappointments and countless failures, the discouragement and ridicule that faced Edison; of his serene assurance, his quiet perseverance, his unfailing patience. It tells of what was perhaps the first great modern experimental laboratory as differentiated from the attic workshop in which popular imagination usually places inventors—a laboratory that may well have furnished the inspiration for such twentieth century laboratories as C. F. Kettering's General Motors shop and Henry Ford's experimental works at Dearborn. Mr. Simonds tells the story in amazing detail, and with a straightforward simplicity that makes its drama as the experiments reach successful culmination the more surprising. It is particularly happy that he devoted his closing chapters to Ford's rebuilding of the Menlo Park scene at Dearborn, and to the historic reacting of the lighting of the first lamp there in 1929, with both Edison and Francis Jehl present. Hundreds of American boys reading the book will be inspired to visit the Dearborn museum.

One could wish that Mr. Simonds had employed fewer *clichés*, and that he had given more life and vividness to his characters. He might have done well, too, not to have gone quite so thoroughly, hence confusingly, into some of the scientific aspects of the experiments. On the whole, however, the book is one that boys will read and enjoy, from first page to last. And it is one that adults may be glad to have them enjoy, for it is a tale of scientific success attained through exercise of all the copy-book virtues.

When Genius Smoldered

YOUNG MASTERS OF MUSIC. By MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS. New York: T. Y. Crowell. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. G. TRENERY

IT is difficult to criticize anything as insubstantial, and wraith-like as the youthful musicians whom Mrs. Roberts has imprisoned between the covers of her book, "Young Masters of Music." They are such fragile creatures, that a breath, a harsh word might cause them to vanish, as did the "good folk" of olden days, who stayed with humans only on condition that no one noticed them by word, or look.

Some of the sketches are a sort of cleverly reconstructed mosaic of detailed background, which bolster up rather meaningless incidents. The majority, however, give very real, intimate glimpses of the young musicians as they stand at the threshold of their lives, reaching out eager hands to the inspiration which beckons them forward on the path of fame.

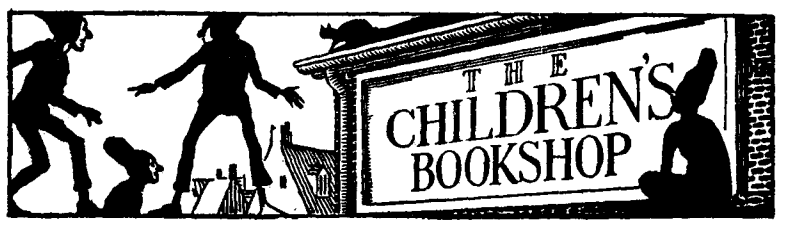
Schubert, grave, shabby little peasant, winning a golden surplice by his own golden voice; Mozart capturing the closely guarded treasure of Allegri's *Miserere* from the Sistine Chapel, and bearing it away in his wonderful memory; Puccini, in his headlong effort to soar with the eagles before his wings could bear him up; Handel, Berlioz, and Ole Bull opposing their young ambitions to their parents' plans for their future; all these are told with a most beguiling charm.

Music was a necessity, not a choice, to these gifted ones. They followed their Muse by smooth, or stony ways—by the pleasant, easy path of recognition and wealth, such as Mendelssohn enjoyed, or over such desert and rocky places as confronted Beethoven and Schumann.

None turned aside. The great ones of the earth cannot, as we see even in these slight, romantic sketches. From their earliest days, they are captives and bond-slaves to their genius, they bow the knee and toil with every power of hand and brain to satisfy their taskmaster.

This book is not only for those specially interested in music. These brief glimpses of effort, and struggle, and difficulties overcome, will make a wide appeal to all who appreciate stories of courage and initiative and endurance. Stories such as that of Haydn serenading to earn a few coins, so that he may keep his attic and his beloved instrument; or Stradivarius sitting patiently on a barrel for hours and hours in the sun, in order to speak a word with the famous Amati; and Bach working by moonlight, night after night, to copy the forbidden manuscript he coveted.

Divinely gifted though they were, these boys shared their quality of courage with all other boys, and the author has endeavored to show them in their ordinary, every-day relations with the world.



Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

A Collection of Verse

MY CARAVAN. Edited by EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER. Illustrated with Cut-Paper Silhouettes by FLORENCE SAMPSON. Laidlaw Brothers. 1931. $1.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

A DISTINCTIVE little anthology has appeared for tiny children. Editor and illustrator have decided on pictures of gypsies and fairies that are cunning and fanciful and give a lift and a lilt to the verses. And the selection of poems does not consist of sentimental twaddle but (with some reservations) of the work of loved older poets and those who are understanding among the new ones. Of course, in mentioning the company that have lent their golden words, Stevenson with his "Child's Garden of Verse" stands at the head of the list. "Happy Thought," "My Shadow," "My Ship and I" are children's classics and memorized lovingly by many. William Allingham can run him a close second with "Up the Airy Mountain, Down the Rushy Glen," and Walter de la Mare surely comes third with his inimitable "Some One." Emily Dickinson's exquisite "Sunrise and Sunset" tops one fortunate page, and Florence Converse's "A Rune of Riches," that we thought lost to sight, bobs up serenely at the foot of another.

Among the newer singers may be found Rose Fyleman with her choicest contribution, "The Fairies Have Never a Penny to Spend," Oliver Herford's gem, "The Elf and the Dormouse," Mary Carolyn Davis's "After All and After All," Humbert Wolfe's rare "Lilac":

"Who thought of the lilac?"
"I," dew said,
"I made up the lilac
out of my head."

"She made up the lilac—
Pooh," trilled the linnet,
and each dew note had a
lilac in it.

Best of all, however, is a jolly and distinguished collection of animals, Hilda Conkling's "The Humming Bird," Hilaire Belloc's "Yak," Allingham's "Four Ducks on a Pond," and "Grasshopper Green" and "The Puzzled Centipede," authors unknown.

Altogether the infant who journeys with this caravan cannot go very far wrong in his travels, for there are songs for all moods, sad and gay, comfortable and lively. When he wishes he can sing with the birds and the trees. When he wants to dance there are the fairy folk ready and willing to draw him into their ring. When he longs for an adventure, bold pirates and gypsies stand ready to take his hand. At the end of the busy day, when he is tired and a-weary for his bed, he can be crooned to sleep by James Ferguson's "Auld Daddy Darkness" in the soothing Scotch brogue. Yes, a corner has been found for Daddy Darkness, and he will emerge gladly:

Steek yer e'en, ma wee tot, ye'll see
Daddy then,
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
Noo nestle to his bosie, sleep and
dream yer fill
Till Wee Davie Daylight comes
keeking owre the hill.

Today in Persia

CHILDREN OF THE HOUSETOPS. By YONEL B. MIRZA. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MARY FLEMING LABAREE

AS it happens, I have lived weeks on end in Persian villages and knew the very village where Mr. Mirza was born and bred. It is an especial pleasure to come upon this true and delightful tale of life in a village of the Province of Azerbaijan.

Khatoun, wife of Shabaz of Yulderz, bears a daughter who is named Shirin. With her four brothers, Shirin grows up in the comfortable home of her father, a well-to-do peasant farmer living in a typical village where the adobe houses and stables standing about courtyards often open into a single lane. These houses and stables having walls in common, the roofs, though perhaps at slightly different levels, adjoin to form a community summer sleeping porch and all-the-year playground. When rains and thaws turn the unpaved, manure-decorated lane into bottomless mire, roofs become the safe thoroughfare. Even very little children are experts in the twin arts of ascending and descending ladders.

"Children of the Housetops" is an apt title for a tale set in a Persian village, though of course Shirin and her brothers spend the actual lulls of their time in the skylighted big room which serves to cook, sleep, and live in, during the cold months, and out in garden, vineyard, field, or open plain the rest of the year.

We come to know not only the loving, careful mother and sturdy, kind father, but wise, tender-hearted grandfather Daryawish as well, not to mention the mother's parents who lived on the other side of the pass. As for the communal family, we meet many a beguiling figure, from Chulukh, the pious, crippled beggar, to the daughter-burdened shoemaker and the tuneful potter with his

My pots are made of clay,
As were Adam and Eve.

Also Shirin and her brothers are not the only youngsters in the village, not by any means. Are there not Ahnas and Thurma, Sergis and the Bride?

Animal folks, too, are of the texture of the tale: Agh Khanoum the white cat, Terda Kush the family watchdog, and the big water buffaloes whose business it is to draw the plough and tread the threshing floor, and perhaps fight with voices terribly uplifted when spring comes and they are freed from the dark stable. And we can't forget Churi, the water buffalo cow, who keeps the family supplied with strength-giving milk and clabber, cheese and butter, or Tambel, her calf, or the pet lambs. . . . There is a wolf, too.

Happily through the months goes the tale from the coming of the storks to the laborious splendid season of grapes and chill of winter; through the years from the moment a blue bead was tied to her wrist until Shirin dons the maiden veil, big brother Pharad is wed, and after weaving a rug for her own bridegroom, Shirin discovers who the bridegroom is to be.

If you wish to meet a Persian village in its happiest mood, with its best foot forward, here is your chance.

An Artist—And a Story

MUSKOX, LITTLE TOOKTOO'S FRIEND. By MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY. Illustrated by KURT WIESE. New York: William Morrow. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE L. SKINNER

SMALL children are in luck when Kurt Wiese draws pictures of animals for them. And the polar fauna are fortunate, too, to have their portraits drawn with his blithe stroke, his affection and naïveté. It is a fine art to express these elements in pictures of reindeer and ovibos, yet stop well short of the sentimentality which "humanizes" animals. Mr. Wiese gives the animals their due, respectfully. It may even be that he doubts whether humanizing would improve them.

Muskox begins his story as a baby calf tumbling off a cliff in a snowslide. He is separated from his mother and lost to the herd. An Eskimo from an explorer's ship, hunting ashore, finds him, carries him to the ship, and presents him to the explorer's little daughter. She feeds him warm condensed milk and names him "Sambo." Their pleasant friendship comes to an end when the expedition departs.

> She was going to have to leave her darling Sambo behind. When Sambo heard this, his heart sank. He had grown to be very fond of the girl; she had been very kind to him and besides, it was lots easier having your food brought to you, than finding it for yourself. But most of all he dreaded being all alone again, the way he had been before the Eskimo man had found him.
>
> But the little girl had thought of that. She told Sambo that the big white man had seen a herd of muskoxen only that morning very near the place where they were planning to put Sambo ashore, so he would not be alone for long. When Sambo heard that, he became so excited that he could hardly wait. No matter how good strangers are to you, you do get homesick for your own kind after a while.

This passage is characteristic of the author's style and, also, of her imaginative treatment of her subject. Muskox meets the herd, which receives him cordially. One day Prancer, the reindeer from Alaska, who works for Santa Claus, joins them with a sad tale of his nephew Tooktoo more or less laid up with a lame ankle. The two deer spend the summer with the ovibos and, of course, Sambo and Tooktoo become fast friends.

Among their perilous adventures is an attack by sixteen wolves. This gives Tooktoo the opportunity to watch the ovibos collect their women and children in a small, closely packed group, while the bulls form a sort of "British Square" about them, facing the wolves. Woe betide the wolf who comes too near!

Mr. Wiese's pictures of the embattled ovibos, with Little Tooktoo's inquiring face and antlers raised as high as possible, so that he may see what is going on outside the shaggy ramparts, is one of the chief delights which his art contributes to the book. A few items of natural history are scattered through the recital of the exploits of Tooktoo and Sambo.

ILLUSTRATION, BY KURT WIESE, FOR "MUSKOX"

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

In quiries in regard to books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

H. B., San Francisco, Cal., having become greatly interested in D. H. Lawrence through reading J. Middleton Murry's "Son of Woman" (Cape-Smith), asks for a list of his writings with publishers and dates, and for a list of authoritative commentaries on Lawrence.

"A BIBLIOGRAPHY of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence," by Edward D. McDonald, with foreword by Lawrence, is one of the Centaur Bibliographies published by the Centaur Bookshop, Philadelphia; it was printed in 1925 and has blank pages for future collations. In Stephen Potter's "D. H. Lawrence: a First Study," a commentary published this year by Cape-Smith, there is a list of his principal publications, with extracts from the McDonald bibliography. For views from various angles I suggest "D. H. Lawrence," by Rebecca West (Secker, 1930); the special numbers dedicated to him by *The New Adelphi* during 1930—this magazine can be readily obtained in America; "D. H. Lawrence," by Richard Aldington (Chatto, 1930); and for earlier reviews, H. J. Seligmann's "D. H. Lawrence: an American Interpretation" (Seltzer, 1924), and his chapter in Paul Rosenfeld's "Men Seen" (Dial, 1925) and in Bonamy Dobrée's "The Lamp and the Lute" (Oxford University Press, 1924). The latest study of his poetry appears in Glenn Hughes's thorough-going treatment of "Imagism and the Imagists," published this year by the Stanford University Press.

J. D. S., Elyria, O., asks for books for learning to read French. I find the best results with the fewest books, so far as my clients report, have come from Ripman and Williams's "Rapid French Course" (Dutton), Abbé Dimnet's "French Grammar Made Clear" (Funk & Wagnalls), and my own "Books and Windows" (Stokes), in the chapter about putting one's school French to work for your own pleasure. The third is concerned only with the trick of "exploding into reading," the other two are the practical books. Look back through recent numbers of this column for other such books proved valuable by students. *G. H., New York, asks what information has been collected on actual reading-habits of adults.* Any amount of it; survey after survey has been made, and results collated and explained in books like "What People Want to Read About," by Douglas Waples and R. W. Tyler (University of Chicago Press); "The Reading Interest and Habits of Adults," by W. S. Gray and Ruth Munroe (Macmillan); the widely-read "Humanizing of Knowledge," by J. H. Robinson (Doubleday, Doran); and the survey of "Libraries and Adult Education," published by Macmillan in 1926. These titles are taken from a brief list made by F. K. W. Drury and issued by the American Library Association, Chicago, where no doubt an inquirer could get further information on this subject, now under wide and intelligent investigation.

H. E. M., Texarkana, Ark., is writing a paper on "The Place of Sports in America," and finds it hard to get material. If I were forced to express myself on this subject I think I would use as a springboard to leap into it the chapter in Gorham Munson's "The Dilemma of the Liberated" (Coward-McCann), called "A Portrait of Our Age," in which Stuart Sherman and Frank Jewett Mather are quoted in a search for what Americans spend their money for, "since we spend for what we believe in, since our expenditure is an act of faith." This appears to be "plumbing, bodily health, university education, automobiles, organized athletics, advertising, and publicity." That would give me an idea of place and proportion. Then I would take seven or eight daily papers from various parts of the country and count up the number of columns given to organized athletics, and keep my eyes open in the street cars to see which page was being read by my fellow-passengers, and keep my ears open whenever I passed a crowd about a radio shop to discover whether it were a talk on Gandhi or the gold standard or a round-by-round, play-by-play report. I would visit the local high school in the football season and note the proportion of assembly-time used in working up enthusiasm for the team, and the development of that curious type, the white-clad, writhing cheer-leader. I might get the large and popular anthology-encyclopedia of sports, "Play the Game" (Viking), and see how many of them there are, and how seriously they are taken. By that time I might have become a fan of some sort myself and have no time to write for the paper.

SPEAKING of sports, D. F. asks for books on bullfighting, either a history of the sport or lives of famous fighters. The most recent history in English is published in London by Bale & Danielsson: "The Spanish Bull Ring," by J. M. Dowsett, with a foreword by Cunninghame Graham; this is a history from the earliest times with an account of present technique. "Fighting Sports," by Capt. Fitz-Barnard (Odhams Press, 1921), includes a section on the bullfight. The life and art of the matador are described with great fidelity to spirit and detail in Blasco Ibañez's "Blood and Sand" (Dutton). They figure also in Henry de Montherlant's novel "The Bullfighters" (Dial), and in Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" (Scribner), and there is a Spanish bullfight in Irving Brown's "Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail in Andalusia" (Harper).

J. G. E., Buffalo, N. Y., is anxious to get a good book for children, showing them the why and wherefore of life as it exists on this planet, and remembers the mention of one that sounded like this, in this column some time ago. It must be "How You Began," by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Coward-McCann), which has been steadily praised not only by this department but by librarians and teachers so often asked by parents for this sort of elementary biology. Children under ten who are "asking questions" can readily understand it, and any intelligent child would like it. Mrs. Williams-Ellis has just adapted and edited Charles Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" (Lippincott) after an unusual manner, combining the narratives and letters of Charles Darwin and Captain Fitz-Roy to make a continuous story, whose sources are scrupulously noted by initials on the margins; this is for readers into and through 'teens, though any age interested in natural history would find it interesting. The "helpers" in her work were Ann, Susan, Charlotte, and Christopher Williams-Ellis, so the book should suit a variety of ages.

URBAN T. HOLMES, Jr., professor of Romance Languages at the University of North Carolina, writes: "I have noted the query by E. H. P. of Linglestown, Pa., in your Reader's Guide of October 3rd. I have prepared, in collaboration with Dr. J. C. Lyons of this University, a critical edition of the complete works of Guillaume du Bartas which should fill three volumes and which is now with the University of North Carolina Press. The publication is indefinitely postponed because of the financial situation. This edition contains an introduction where the poet is discussed from every angle, the *Muse Chrestienne*, the *Première Sepmaine*, the *Seconde Sepmaine* (including the posthumous additions), and sundry minor poems. There are notes and variants throughout. The latest edition now available of the two *Sepmaines* is the duodecimo volume printed in 1632 by Pierre Chouet of Geneva. This is much inferior to the folio edition of 1611, with a privilege granted to Jan Bourdeaulx, which has the text in very readable form. Our critical edition reproduces the *Première Sepmaine* of 1585 and the *Seconde Sepmaine* (first two days) of the second issue of 1584. These texts were the last to be reviewed by the poet himself. The posthumous additions to the *Seconde Sepmaine* we have reproduced from their first publication in 1589, 1596, and 1601. Nearly all the larger university libraries have at least one edition of the works of Du Bartas. The library of the University of North Carolina has all those mentioned above and several others.

New MACMILLAN Books

JOHN R. OLIVER'S
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By the Author of *VICTIM AND VICTOR*

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By ROBERT D. BOWDEN

This stimulating book takes a new inventory of the values and defects in American life and draws up a balance sheet which will be of large interest to everyone who has an interest in the future of his country. $2.00

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Travelers found in William Winship, "a man who was really the idea of America made flesh and blood . . . a man who carried himself like a king, dug clams and quoted Shakespeare, waited on a table and yet was an artist with a pen or pencil or brush. He was the balanced flesh and spirit, he was cathedrals and forests, the Old World and the New, intermingled." The story of his life is told here with humor, insight, and gusto. $2.00

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From his first voyage on the wooden frigate *Conway* to the close of his career as commander of the *Mauretania*, the hero of the *Titanic* rescue tells the story of his interesting life at sea. $3.50

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"I have endeavored," says the author, "to portray the Devil in his varied phases and in the more noteworthy incidents and performances of that long, busy and checkered life of his . . . recording those countless diabolic pranks, tricks and miracles, and the beliefs, superstitions and dreams that fed the minds of our forbears." $5.00

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By EDITH ELMER WOOD

A challenging survey of housing evils and possible remedies for them, supplementing the author's previous work, *The Housing of the Unskilled Wage Earner*. $2.50

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Title-page illustration from FORSAKING ALL OTHERS, *a new novel in verse by* ALICE DUER MILLER *published today.*

Forsaking All Others is a short book, and a novel in verse, therefore falling under a two-fold ban of book-sellers' prejudice . . . but since it is written by no less an author than ALICE DUER MILLER, and since it has been enthusiastically acclaimed by such critics as ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, and WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, *The Inner Sanctum* is confident that it will attain the success it so richly deserves.

MRS. MILLER did not write *Forsaking All Others* with the intention of publishing it. It was set down entirely for the pleasure of writing it. So often has she been asked to read it, and so often implored to publish it, that it now appears for the first time in book form, MRS. MILLER [whose regular publishers are Dodd Mead and Company] acting as guest author for *The Inner Sanctum*.

"ALICE DUER MILLER," says HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, "*has made a real contribution to literature in creating* FORSAKING ALL OTHERS. *To me it rates with* A LOST LADY—*high praise, indeed. The book—original and fluent in its treatment—has an outward serenity which, like Greek tragedy, is the right wrapping to contrast with the searing, beautiful, bitter, lovely, uncompromising revelations of life and truth. The novel has an inevitability that bites in, and it is done with an economy of expression that is one of the great canons of the writing art.*"

Professor WILLIAM LYON PHELPS calls *Forsaking All Others* "an original and deeply impressive story in verse—a masterpiece of its kind."

Before she became famous for such stories as *Come Out of the Kitchen*, *The Charm School* and *Manslaughter*, MRS. MILLER took a scholarship in mathematics at Barnard—and she still knows her triangles, projecting them with an artistry that is both gracious and precise. As exhibit A your correspondents offer this excerpt from page 54:

> THEY would meet for luncheon every day
> At a small unknown French café
> Half-way up town and half-way down
> With a chef deserving great renown.
> And Pierre the waiter would smile and say:
> "*Bonjour, Monsieur, dame,*" and they
> Would see by his smile discreet and sly
> That he knew exactly the reason why
> A couple so proud and rich should come
> To eat each day in a squalid slum.
> And nothing delighted his Gallic heart
> More than to find he could play a part
> And protect "*ces amoureux foux d'amour*"
> And guide their choice through the *carte du jour*.

ESSANDESS.

This is intellectual poetry in the best sense, reflecting an interesting mind, a swift imagination, and a striking individuality.

DEATH of the GOD in MEXICO

by
James Feibleman

Sherwood Anderson says: "Poems of fine texture, finesse and vitality."

John McClure says: "This volume of highly intellectual poems, expert in artistry, reveals a maturity of poetic discipline." $2.00

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The PHŒNIX NEST

OUR engaging competitor, *Isabel Paterson*, had told us about it; for we were pretending to be an *E. M. Delafield* fan. We don't mean that we aren't. We merely mean that, to observe strict honesty, we don't happen to have read everything E. M. Delafield has written. "The Way Things Are," and "Women Are Like that" impressed us strongly. But Isabel now said that E. M. D. had been born for no other reason than to write "Diary of a Provincial Lady" just published by Harper's; and by Golly, she must have prevailed upon Harpers to send us a copy—a thing that, apparently, they would not have dreamed of doing otherwise—for suddenly there came a ring at the door of our apartment while we were in the midst of taking a shower and wondering what the name of the man was with whom we had been discussing the failings of Mr. Hoover until four o'clock in the morning and whether what we had said to that blonde girl could possibly prove grounds later for a breach-of-promise case—and there was "Diary of a Provincial Lady." . . .

And our hated rival (not really!) was right. It is one of those books that completely satisfy. We sank back upon the sofa, reading it; and gradually the terrible depression of the morning-after was completely sooothed away. In a haggard manner we even laughed. Our head ceased somewhat to throb. Life resumed its norm, as observed by a pair of the shrewdest eyes that an English lady-novelist has ever possessed, and through the medium of one of the most perfect senses of humor in existence. Here is a slight indication:

> I am moved to exclaim—perhaps rather thoughtlessly—that the most wonderful thing in the world must be to be a childless widow—but this is met by unsympathetic silence from Robert, which recalls me to myself, and impels me to say that that isn't in the *least* what I meant.
>
> (*Mem:* Should often be very, very sorry to explain exactly what it is that I *do* mean, and am in fact conscious of deliberately avoiding self-analysis on many occasions. Do not propose, however, to go into this now or at any other time.)

Of ocurse those who have long been addicts to the "Happy Thoughts" of *F. C. Burnand*, will discern in the "Diary" some hint of a feminine version, though the difference between the two books is, actually, very great. Burnand's is the more fantastic. E. M. Delafield's book cuts deeper. At the same time it makes the work of the portentously significant novelist seem rather haywire. It clears life of melodramatic pretensions, which, in itself, is too strutting a thing to say of it. For here is a close observation of human nature, and a close analysis of the observing self, that reveal to us the incredible richness of the humdrum. And here we ourself are, in the midst of it, with all our friends. One small detail particularly rejoiced our heart—mention, we mean, of those times when someone utters an opinion diametrically the opposite of what we ourself believe—yet, caught suddenly off our guard and with the horrid certainty borne in upon us that any dissent of ours will only precipitate us into a particularly stupid discussion, we weakly concur. How we hate ourself afterward, in the night-watches! The trifles, verily, that try men's souls!...

The gentleman who arraigned us concerning the infant *Hardy* and the snake—shall we ever be able to get away from this unfortunate episode?—has again attacked our stupiditiy, scornfully shouting in our ear (Well, his letter gave us the impression that he was shouting in our ear. He said it very loud and clear, anyway!)—which will doubly annoy him, because we have now got so entangled in that sentence that we have got to go back and start all over again. Well, the g. who arraigned us now says that, *of course*, what he meant all along was that our grammatical use of the English language was simply appalling. We cannot agree. We don't think it's so appalling. Sometimes it may be careless, an engaging negligence, perhaps—nothing more, we assure you. We refuse to be cowed. Appalling our eye! Sez you! We never encountered such a choleric little gentleman! We suggest that he read a lovely poem, "The Red Box," by *A. P. Herbert*, which lusciously retails a difference of opinion between *Good Sir John Straight* and *Sir George Kildragon*. And a very good-day to you! . . .

We wonder why people write letters to other people denouncing them. We wish we had the self-righteousness to do it. But then we wonder about so many things. We wonder, for instance, why editors, in returning certain manuscripts, almost prostrate themselves before the writer as to the pleasure it has proved to receive anything from their pen and at the same time aver that these particular items are entirely unavailable, when they are, of course, examples of the writer's very best work as the writer perfectly well knows and simply makes a horrible snoot at the distant editor for not realizing as much. But then we have been on both sides of that dilemma—we have been the editor writing the crocodilian note and the bloated egotist who received it. And we really sympathize with them both. The fact was that the editor probably really thought, "This stuff is mere tripe; but once in a while he writes something good; so kid him along," forgetting that the writer, before that, had, in a moment of expansion after a good dinner and a bottle of wine, averred: "Well, well, after all, the *Weekly Balloon* is a decent enough sheet. I think I'll stop sending them the stuff I can't sell anywhere else and favor them this time with something really pretty classy, if I do say it myself." . . .

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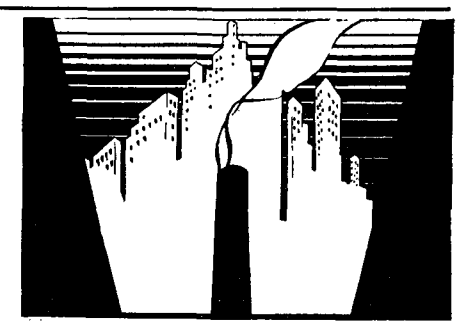

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Magazine Typography

THE appearance of *The Saturday Review of Literature* in a completely new typographic dress suggests comment on the changes which have been made in its appearance. For some seven years the *Review* has been printed in a Caslon type modified for machine composition. This type, and the accompanying headings, and the general form of the magazine, were adopted as suggestive of *The Literary Review* of the old *Evening Post*, whence the editors of the new magazine came. Since the human epidermis changes every seven years, not to go more deeply into the mystic number, it is fitting that a new typography should adorn the magazine.

The handsomest newspapers, and one might almost say the handsomest typography, which we have ever had were those folio sheets of the eighteenth century printed in Caslon or Baskerville type, on dampened hand-made paper. With those two factors of type and paper, even under the necessarily hurried conditions of weekly publication, quite handsome results were obtained. Then came the progressive deterioration in appearance, if not in style, of the newspapers of the nineteenth century — the use of machine-made paper printed dry, the use of thin and wiry type, the use of many and diverse fonts in the same issue, and finally the extraordinary rise of advertising and the unfair domination of the advertisement in the newspaper page. A few newspapers (such as the *London Times*) and some weeklies have succeeded in preserving the typographic unities, but in general our journals are chaotic and insufferably vulgar in appearance. The exceptions to this generalization are those few and obscure publications into which the advertiser does not find it worth his while to enter.

In the case of the *Review* a few definite problems presented themselves for solution, but they were of the utmost importance. First, there was the necessity for haste in printing, and the scant time available for perfection of details. This meant that the typography must be simple and easily handled. Then there was the matter of rapid printing on cheap paper under practically newspaper conditions. Under those conditions, a type face must be selected which would show up well without much make-ready and with the ordinary rapid presswork necessary. The selection of a suitable type face from the thousands available (at least in theory) was of utmost importance. Such a type had to be one which was available on the linotype composing machine: and one which would meet the demand of editor A for large, clear type, of editor B for more words to the column, of editor C for "high visibilty." The designer of the new magazine felt that one of the new type faces designed for the rapid reading of daily newspapers offered the best choice. To select such a face, however, was subject to the risk of departing rather widely from conventional type forms, and to yield to the practical nature of the problem instead of attempting to set up criteria of abstract beauty. But after all, the production of a weekly newspaper is a very practical matter, and a fine type which would be suitable for the careful printing of a fine book would not honestly meet the demands of the occasion. For the selection of the newer "Textype" face in which this magazine is now set the designer makes no apologies: it is clear, readable, and contemporary, it prints well under severe conditions of paper, ink, and speed, it restores the reading-matter columns to a parity with the advertisements in color and importance. To have abandoned the type forms designed two hundred years ago for wet-paper printing with black ink, or even their derivatives designed to partially meet modern conditions in magazine production, in favor of type forms carefully desisigned to meet these modern specific conditions, seems to the designer merely common sense. R.

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A BIRTHDAY BOOK. By ROCKWELL KENT. New York: Random House. 1931. $7.50.

IT is all very well sometimes to weary of the well doing of others in creative work, and to tire of the same names turning up frequently in design, but when we have so few Clelands and Dwiggins's and Kents there is no escaping them—and no one wants to. For suddenly out of the murk of feeble and foggy design comes a book by a competent man, and there you are! Take Rockwell Kent. There was a time when books illustrated by him came out from the pressroom at a rate which seemed to be about one a week—now for a couple of weeks or so none has appeared until suddenly this birthday book appears. And here is a surprise.

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